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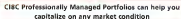


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Gold robbery

I wish to thank the judges of Olympic pair figure skating for including us in the classes that focus on their event and in competitive figure skating in general. The sudden outcome of the final is that parents like me will discourage their children from pursuing competitive figure skating because of the danger of the top line-out will not always be rewarded.

Alison Dwyer, Calgary

As a U.S. citizen, I want to express my heartfelt outrage. Jurist Sid and David

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Flags in moderation

I wholeheartedly agree with your two correspondents in support of wearing the flag ("Waving the flag," The Mail, Feb. 10). I have the flag on my vehicle as well as my luggage, even though I rarely go out of the country these days. However, these things can be overdone. Witness Roy Romanow giving his interim report on health care on TV backed by I don't know how many flags—maybe two dozen or more. One main reason why there is a shortage of money for health care is one flag for show and spend the rest of the money where it might do some good.

Albert J. Bily, Cochrane, B.C.

I'm simply not going to watch any more judged events—any type, anytime, anywhere—and I'm convinced I will not sport, not politics. If the TV networks were to deduct they would pay the IOC for any other sports organizations to cover judged events until satisfactory measures are in place to ensure that outcomes reflect achievement. I bet things would change, and quickly.

Patrick Gung, Richmond, B.C.

The most heartbreaking moment in the medal ceremony, instead of being joyous, it was strangely silent. My heart goes out to both the Russian and Canadian teams. Neither deserved to win under such controversy.

Ashley Galloway, Windsor, Ont.

Wasn't this whole rigged judging matter supposed to be resolved by now? I guess not.

Alexandra Pashin-Bocay, Toronto

Every closed book is either lying, David and Jurist are more famous now than if they had won the gold medal. If they are professional, and join a figure skating outfit company, then fans will fill every palace in North America over the next few years.

David H. Conrad, Bethlehem, N.J.

Olympic standards

Your level-headed and fair overview of Utah, Salt Lake, the state of the Olympics and the impact of and on the Mormon Church ("Church and state," *Cave*,

Feb. 10) is appreciated. Equally reputable periodicals have succumbed to lower-quality journalism. You're welcome over to our place for Jell-O salad anytime.

Michael Gilroy, Stake Master President, The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, Toronto

Although somewhat balanced in its content, "Church and state" was severely skewed in tone. It strongly implied an imbalance between church and state, suggesting an almost clandestine attempt on the part of the church to be in control. Disparaging remarks such as "wholesale image that blames, or offends," and "so fearful of our protest" unfairly suggest that there is a rapacity in any people who hold on to old-fashioned principles.

Lee and Kaye Smith, London, Ont.

Power and the premier

Alan Fotheringham's column, titled "Behind the B.C. throne" (Feb. 11) is very offensive as it implies incorrectly that I have some influence in the decision making of the B.C. Liberal party headed by Premier Gordon Campbell. This absurd speculation has no foundation in fact. It is true that the business community in B.C., including myself, supported Campbell in the last election, as did most people in the province. This resulted in a victory of sound proportions, following a decade of mismanagement by perhaps the most reckless government in Canadian history. Benoit Chabot and now Campbell, with 20 years of experience in public life,

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Over to You JUDY REBICK

Another world

I feel like my life coming full circle. A trip around the world in my early 20s set me on the path to social activism. The extreme poverty I saw in Turkey, Iran and India—not to mention the near disappearance of women in many such countries—made me decide to devote my life to changing the world. Attending the World Social Forum this month in Porto Alegre, Brazil, felt like the discussion of that change had finally become clear. Being among 60,000 participants from 150 countries, all of whom are working for a better, more equal world, was an inspiring experience.

And it wasn't just talk. The host city of Porto Alegre, run by the Workers' Party, has become a beacon for services around the world because of its participatory budget, where tens of thousands of citizens



directly participate in decisions about new spending. Instead of a dirty word, socialism here is an achievable goal. What started as a budget process 12 years ago is quickly developing into ideas of popular assemblies and other forms of citizens' participation. I've written a book inspired by Porto Alegre's budget process but I had never been there before. I experienced a word contribution of relief and exhilaration that the city is such a positive place.

The forum—designated as a counter to the global establishment's World Economic Forum, held this year in New York City—is the most extraordinary gathering I have ever been part of. France's *Le Monde* called it the Woodstock of the NGOs (non-governmental organizations). Wandering through the youth camp where 17,000 young people from around the world sang, danced and no doubt did a few other things, it was as if my companion I've never seen so many images of Chi Guevara, even in the '60s. Mind you, here it was a lot clearer than Woodstock.

But in the enormous meeting hall something else was happening. The Left seemed finally to be getting its act together. Instead of analyzing in great detail all the problems with corporate globalization, everyone was talking about alternatives.

There is no sense that the anti-globalization movement is in crisis—as the contrary. The U.S. war against Afghanistan is sparking a deeper sense of commitment and urgency. The common analysis is that corporate globalization is being re-viewed in terms of legitimacy in years through the twin debates

of Exxon and Argentina. And make no mistake: there were no fans of Osama bin Laden at this gathering. Every day saw demonstrations and theatrical presentations against fundamentalism. Canada's National Klein and his lot? "This movement of movements represents an escape hatch between George Bush and Osama bin Laden."

What is this movement of movements? It involves thousands of groups organizing around everything from women's equality to environmental sustainability. The movements have each been meeting informally for years, either at NGO conferences or at the protests against global trade summits. The genius of the World Social Forum is to bring them all together in one place to talk about their own agendas.

In the packed corridors you were as likely to run into one of the international expenses of the struggle, such as anti-war activist Nicola Chomsky, Indian feminist Vandana Shiva or Nobel Peace Prize winner Rigoberta Menchú, as a poor peasant from Brazil's enormous Landless Peasants' Movement or Argentinian women with their pots and pans, fresh off the streets of Buenos Aires. There was a common critique of corporate globalization as a vicious, greedy system that is creating more and more misery for the people of the world and more and more devastation for the environment. And a common goal, best described by Vandana Shiva when she said "We are fighting for a world of compassion and caring and against a world of greed and theft." What an amazing feeling for me never once to have to argue the case.

There were some mainstream politicians on hand, too. Puffed-up mayors from Italy and France listened intently to officials from Porto Alegre to figure out how they can transfer the participatory budget experience to their developed countries. And wonder of wonders, former Quebec premier Jacques Parizeau, a fire trader from way back, was so impressed by what he found out there that he has called on the Liberal government to oppose the Free Trade Area of the Americas. Maybe another world really is possible.

Judy Rebick is publisher of the alternative news site *redfile.ca*. She formerly hosted *Struggle* from the Hip on CBC's *Newsweek*.

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Cases continued in Ottawa in the past week, underscoring the difficulty of establishing a lasting peace in the war-torn nation. At the end of March, a former fellow shareholder, U.S. soldiers came under fire during a 30-minute gun battle on Feb. 13 (Canadian Business 12). The soldiers were taken to a nearby hospital, where injuries were reported. A day later, another shareholder's son, Mr. Wilson, was injured. Another day later, another shareholder's son, Mr. Wilson, was injured. Another day later, another shareholder's son, Mr. Wilson, was injured.

After listening to a two-day-long litany of the war-crimes charges against him, former Yugoslav leader Slobodan Milosevic accused the West of plotting his downfall. His case, indicted on 66 charges of crimes against humanity in Croatia and Kosovo, as well as genocide in the 1990-1995 Bosnian war, reflected the UN tribunal in The Hague as an instrument of Western policy. The former dictator said he will call as witnesses world leaders

large Corp's while blowing executives described in environment in which the company's shaky financial situation was widely known but no one wanted to confront the fact

In Washington, meanwhile, officials launched new fears of impending attacks against the United States. At the same time, the administration focused on widening the war as terrorism and targeting Iraq. George W. Bush said he is considering a wide range of options, including military strikes, to test Saddam Hussein and destroy Iraq's ability to produce weapons of mass

destruction. But Canada joined most European countries in urging Bush not to invade Iraq. Prime Minister Jean Chrétien and President Martin Malin, meeting in Moscow during a Canadian trade mission, both said the U.S. must show restraint. While Canada continues to support Washington, Chrétien said, the production of weapons in Iraq is an issue for the United Nations and "is completely different than terrorism."

federal and provincial justice ministers will work together to establish a mandatory registry for sex offenders. "We want a system right across the country available to all police forces," Solicitor General Lawrence MacKay said at an annual meeting of provincial, territorial and federal justice ministers in Toronto, N.

A Morley-based political consulting firm is behind allegations of a plot to let Zimbezwai President Robert Mugabe, company president Alex Maseko acknowledged. The claims take shape to light when an Australian television program broadcast a grainy video of a Dec 4 meeting during which the "information" of Mugabe was discussed. SBS Duplicates identified two of the participants as Ben Mchirane, president of Glickens & Mubson, and Zimbezwai Opposition leader Morgan Tsvangirai. Both men contradicted they were in the video, but Tsvangirai said he was set up as part of a smear campaign before next month's presidential elections. *Ben Mchirane, a South African, Mchirane*

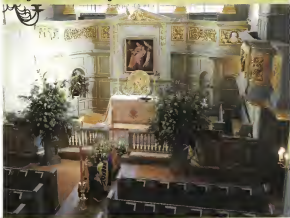
Just a few weeks ago when Raymond Landry renounced his cabinet, there was talk of its early dissolution in Quebec this spring. Now, the Parti Québécois government is reeling over a controversy involving allegedly improper ties between some of the premier's close advisers and private lobbyists. The fear was so intense that Landry was forced by his cabinet to accept the resignation of his top campaign organizer and former staffer, PQ director-general Raymond Beland, despite the objections of the party executive. *Canada's Newsmakers*: Interview With René Lévesque, Landry's political lieutenant in cabinet, spokeswoman day after day, saying the

By FREDERICK-ET, 2011

Alling: Political columnist and author of *How Tory backroom strategists pulled off the Bush victory*, **Batten Camp** suffered a serious stroke and, at week's end, was under care at a Finsbury hospital. The 61-year-old writer was working on

Died: Hanson (Bud) Olson was a rancher, federal Liberal cabinet minister, Senate opposition leader and Lieutenant governor of Alberta. First elected as a Social Credit MP for Medicine Hat in 1957, he joined the Liberals under Pierre Trudeau in 1968. Olson 70, died in Medicine Hat of a stroke.

Bidding farewell to Princess Margaret



Even to death Princess Margaret, whose glamorous lifestyle often defied royal tradition, chose to break with convention by being cremated rather than buried. The younger sister of Queen Elizabeth passed away on Feb. 9 at the age of 71 after suffering a stroke. As hundreds of mourners gathered at Windsor Castle's gates to pay their last respects, the Queen, Prince Philip, Prince Charles and the 161-year-old Queen Mother were among the 430 people who attended a private funeral service inside. At times, the occasion was overshadowed by concerns over the health of the Queen Mother, who fell from a chair and cut her arm on Feb. 8. But she was flown by helicopter to Windsor Castle, where she said a final farewell to her daughter.

In a way, Margaret had been the

diva of her day: the first royal to become a media sensation as Fleet Street debated everything from the length of her hairdo to the color of her cigarette holder. But as glamorous as she once was, Margaret was actively in affairs of the heart. In 1952, the 22-year-old princess fell in love with Peter Townsend, a dashing air force captain. But in the conservative 1950s, the relationship was controversial—Townsend was divorced, and Margaret had to choose between love and royal duty. She chose the latter, saying she was “winded” by the Church’s teachings that Christian marriage is indissoluble, and conscious of my duty to the Commonwealth.

She eventually married Antony Armstrong-Jones, a magazine photographer whose she met in



1938. The couple had two children, but the relationship ended in divorce in 1978 after both engaged in a series of affairs. In 1968, Eileen Douglas-Ross committed suicide after the princess ended their liaison. With the end of the marriage, Margaret's personality seemed to change; she became

known as the “Teneré girl, love her,” as some observers pined and on others booed.

Heavy smoking and drinking also took their toll. She suffered strokes in 1988 and 2001, which impaired her sight. The public also seemed to tire of her, and she met with little sympathy as she aged. In her last days, she suffered cancer, she was bedridden and, she was often in pain. But for many, she will always be remembered as the princess who, “loved life and lived it to the full.” Margaret's ashes were placed in the Royal Vault at St. George's Chapel, close to the tomb of her father, George VI, whose own funeral took place at Windsor Castle 50 years ago.



Allan Fotheringham

The trouble with Israel

One day in 1979, your scribbler was sitting in a sidewalk café in Jerusalem over a beer with Robert Lewis, then Ottawa bureau chief of this late magazine and later for seven years an highly respected editor. “Look at those faces,” he said, referring to the passing parade on the sidewalk. “Strong faces, every one of them. You know why? Because they wake up every morning knowing that they may be killed—or they have to kill—that day.”

We were on the cusp of the Joe Clark now-famous around-the-world, last-year-underwear tour, the worst-planned flight since the day the Wright brothers took off in Kitty Hawk, N.C., in 1903. At the Knesset, Israel's parliament, we followed Canada's future prime minister into a “photo opportunity” with Shimon Peres, then in now the most formidable player in a land of never-ending coalition governments of the troubled land. The photos over, the Clark minutes indicated the end reported should have “Why?” enquired Peres. “Let them stay.” A highly embarrassed Clark had to endure an embarrassing behind, and in the ensuing session revealed his pitiful grasp of Middle East politics.

We moved on to Amman, the Jordanian capital, where King Hussein—infatuated that the Conservative leader would visit Israel before his country—purportedly kept Clark waiting 45 minutes past the appointed meeting time and sent Joe, revealing in a warm room, stood standing for all of the 45 minutes while the rest of us scolded in our chairs. I digress.

One day in 1989, my college-age daughter arrived in Jerusalem from Vancouver to meet me in the fabled King David Hotel—which Zionists once blew up to kill the British overcomers of what was then called Palestine. Inspired beyond belief—perhaps understandably—at being in the Holy City, she announced that she was going to wander around the Old Jerusalem marketplace. Her father thought that was a good idea. The next day's newspaper explained how two teenage Arab girls, in their flowing robes, confronted in that marketplace a man they assumed to be a Jew, unleashed long knives from beneath their garments and rebuffed him to death. He turned out to be a German tourist.

Daughter did not stay themselves. Under instruction, keeping herself rather closer to the pool at the King David, where Howard Clark, loudly under his ridiculous rug, roared the pennants trying to find American tourists who could recognize him. One day our guide/driver took us to Bethlehem, to visit the final-hour tour of the alleged murder scene of the alleged Jesus. Halfway on the route, he suddenly turned

right, almost white. He had not gauged the time correctly. It was school-out time in the Palestinian territory between Jerusalem and Bethlehem, and the kids with rocks would be out looking for any van with Israeli license plates. As always, every Israeli auto venturing out from Jerusalem over the mandatory wire mesh over its windshield, ever expectant of the rocks to now further to all CNN watchers. It was an interesting journey.

What most confused outsiders don't understand about Israel—which so dominates so many world headlines—is how tiny it is, flanked everywhere by enemies. It is smaller than Vancouver Island. Squashed between the Dead Sea and the River Jordan (which despite our Bible teachings can be as little as 10 metres wide) on one side and the Mediterranean on the other. The reason Israel will not give up the Golan Heights, seized from Syria in yet another war—and still paralysed by Cana-

dian peacekeepers, whose poor unconfronted Joe Simon walked into one of their bayonet in that 1979 fiasco—is that whoever controls the heights of Golan can blow up anything beneath it in this narrow land.

There is the problem of the so-called “settlements”—Israelis moving into captured territory on the West Bank. “Settlements” gives the impression of rural cities or smallish towns. In reality, they are simply middle-class suburban extensions—no reason left in ancient Jerusalem—meaning where you would find in West Vancouver or Maribou. And the lockdowns pouring the concrete and securing the walls are the parents of the kids who are on TV every day hurling rocks at the young and confident Israeli troops. There are now more than 200,000 settlers in the West Bank and the Golan Strip on the east, lands that Israel took in the 1967 war.

Prime Minister Ariel Sharon has an impossible struggle with numbers in the only democracy in the Middle East. While he said George Bush in Washington earlier this month that he expects there will be a Palestinian state some day, somehow, he faces the problem of the Arab vote that would make the Palestinian “religions” outnumber the Jewish population. Which is why his government so eagerly looked Jews from Russia as happened after the collapse of the Soviet Union and now as many as possible from the collapsing Argentine.

As the bonus in the mosaic of religion, which has killed millions of people from the Crusades to Northern Ireland. With suicide bombers carrying grenades into Tel Aviv nightclubs and flying jets into the Twin Towers. All in the name of some imaginary god.



BY JAMES DEACON in Salt Lake City

Among the rumors floating around Salt Lake City last week was one suggesting U.S. special forces searching Al-Qaeda caves in Afghanistan had found a document listing the finishing order of the Olympic ice dance competitors. It was a joke, of course, and it got a big laugh. And it had a point: with the water-tight revelations that nullified a terrific pairs event, the higher level of figure skating had sunk to an all-time low, and it couldn't have come at a worse time. There's talk the International Olympic Committee might downsize future Winter and Summer Games. Dump joint events here, scale back some events there. Might even put a cap on host-city spending. Getting out of figure skating would kill

sport and for the Games.

Valuable, sure, it wasn't Nancy Kerrigan versus Tanja Harding, but it was damn close. For five straight days until Salé and Pelletier were awarded their own gold medals, the saga of two handsome Canadians skating to the theme from *Love Story* (thankfully, their routine was better than both the book and the movie) became a four-page staple, even for the gray *New York Times*, not to mention major news for TV stations on five continents. In the 24 hours immediately after the competition, Salé and Pelletier were interviewed by all three U.S. TV networks morning shows, practically every Canadian outlet with a television and NBC's *Today Show* with Jay Leno. And like the 1994 scandal in which Harding was linked to an attack on Kerrigan, this story dwarfed the Olympics.

John Kruk and errand boys: see John Salley. Barbara Ann Scott would cringe.

Thruout reluctantly into the fray. Ottaviano Cingolani, Italian head of the International Skating Union, did little initially to defend the sport from accusations it's as flimsy as pro wrestling. (ouch!) At his first news conference, the former speed skater cringed over the same explanations he offered when curious judging raised serious problems at the last Games in Nagano. Cingolani told the packed room here—more than 20 TV cameras, several hundred reporters—that there was no evidence to support allegations that the French judge had been bribed by her national federation to support the Russian pair in return for the Russian judge's backing of France's ice dancers later in the Games. But he postponed an internal review.

STUFF THE SILVER

The skating scandal that ate the Olympics has a golden climax for Canada

two birds, since it would eliminate a historically problematic sport and allow organizers to sock lower payouts.

Scandal management, meanwhile, emerged as a possible demonstration sport at these Games. Successful contestants are called at righteous indignation, lawyerly appeal, preparation, press-conference composure and, when caught in a sticky situation, convincing denial. The downside, though, is that scandal management is a judged sport, no more scientific than the one that originally declared Elena Bereznyaya and Anton Shturmal the winners of the pairs figure skating competition. The Russians got five of nine judges' first-place marks even though any moderately informed fan could see that Canadians Jennie Salé and David Pelletier had delivered a technically superior performance. The dirty decision and resulting fiasco over Skatigay, its folks here so dully call it, produced one juicy scandal. The last that occurred at an American Olympics gave it a worldwide audience in the billions. Skating commentators called it an embarrassment for the



Salé and Pelletier kept their cool on the ice and amid a media frenzy

Hick. Salé and Pelletier were twice the lead story on the *Best Damn Sports Show Period*, a Fox Sports Net cable "gay talk" show that usually confines itself to pro sports, sex and bathroom humor. Picture caption: The Arnold, Rosenthal's, silver medals and seals with heavy former baseball player

Cingolani nothing's wrong, but we're concerned anyway. (defence was no more convincing than that Juan Antonio Samaranch's it's only a little thing response back in 1999 to the Salt Lake City bribery scandal. Like Samaranch, Cingolani rewarded the naughty demonstrators here of a federal prince forced to make excuses to the world for the pillaging of his usually bright. When the IOC pressed him a quick resolution, Cingolani pushed back. He didn't say so, but the fact is that without such intense pressure from an outraged public, few in the ISU would care if some Canadian kids got jobbed by unscrupulous judges. Canada has but one vote in ISU matters, while Russia and all the former Soviet states account for nearly 70 percent. "What consensus over what decision?" said the Russians' pairs coach Yurya Mininova. "The results are already written, published, announced. What is the question?"

Serving trouble, suddenly exposed pain judges down for cover. The Chinese judge came down with a bad cold and abandoned



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Olympics

his assignment to adjudicate the men's event. The French judge first tried to dodge experience and career crown, then dropped out of sight entirely. In the beginning, though, it didn't appear they had any reason to worry. Skate Canada president Marilyn Chiodo looked more like the buzzed than the hazy when the addressed a massive news conference last week. She avoided a direct question about when she first heard about formal allegations of vote-rigging, saying she was clued by the wheel of events and didn't even know what day it was. The world media learned in minutes disbelief.

Then damage was mitigated by the formidable Sally Behrwick, chef de mission of the Canadian team. Behrwick is a professor of languages at the University of New Brunswick, and, secondarily, a long-time skating judge. In two languages, she was a lucid, articulate and amiable spokesman for Salt, Pelletier and the entire Canadian team. Her judging background gave her the left to say—and be taken seriously—that "there is no doubt in my mind that the wrong pair was standing at the top of the podium."

By fit, though, the stars of this drama were Salt and Pelletier. The "cleaner" handling of the obvious judging discrepancy and subsequent media machinations was as graceful as their skating was sound. As upset as they were, they kept their cool, celebrated their timing performance as if the colour of the medal, paraded around town and dined at night with the Barefoot Ladies. They even apologized for taking so much attention away from other deserving athletes. Still, the controversy was wearing. Pelletier, known for his hot temper as well as a mischievous sense of humor, said that by last Friday he was ready to go down the skeleton run without a helmet. Then, later that same morning, he and Salt watched the news conference at which a chastened Cinquanti and a subdued IOC president Jacques Rogge announced that French judge Marie-Reine Le Gougeon would be suspended pending a fuller investigation and that the Canadians would become co-gold medalists with the Russians.

Salt and Pelletier were grateful, of course,



Judge Le Gougeon took the fall

and they celebrated with calls to parents and to their coach, Jan Ulmanek, who had returned to his training facility in Kloten, Switzerland. But when Salt was asked if it was upsetting that the vote-rigging had denied the pair their rightful moment of victory, she left no doubt that she felt a terrible loss. "That's what I have dreamed of, well, for my whole life," she said, eyes gleaming. "You bet I feel cheated out of that moment."

The Canadians had a hint of what might happen as far back as last March, on the first morning after they won the world championship. Several unidentified, thick-accented callers left messages on their Vancouver hotel answering service warning them not to get used to standing atop the podium, saying that they were currently champions and that things would be different when the Olympics rolled around.

Now that some of figure skating's worst have been exposed, will things change? Cinquanti claims the investigation into vote-rigging is "ongoing." In order for there to be a conspiracy to fix results, after all, Le Gougeon and the French federation had to have someone, or some others, with whom to conspire. Most importantly, Cinquanti promised to start a system that currently requires the skating union to choose judges from a list of names supplied by national federations. In recent other judged sports, including figure skating and snowboarding at these Games, officials are chosen by the sport's governing bodies, lessening the opportunity for coercion.

And since nothing can recover this stolen moment of victory, the decision has a new goal. They made it clear they hope the scandal would help ransack the murky world of vote-rigging and make judging more transparent. "For the future of the sport, that has to be fixed," Salt said. "We just want the truth to come out." If their work of controversy from the ISU to finally clean up its judging mess, then Salt and Pelletier will have won far more in Salt Lake City than just a gold medal.

Should events with subjective scoring be eliminated from the Olympics to achieve fair results?

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REDEMPTION ON ICE

Curling coach and sweepers scored, while Le May Dineen survived a dark night of the soul and skated to glory



After a shaky start, Canadians regain their feet and some of their swagger



BY KEN MACQUEEN in Salt Lake City

Canadians have never needed business as a case for new displays of over-confidence: ice works well enough. It was ice last week on the speed-skating oval and in Salt Lake City's figure skating arena that momentarily flattened Canada's self-described "best ever" Winter Olympic team. But are they yet prone to redemption? When you're Canadian, you work with what you know.

The more leading into the final half of the Games has regaled in fear and some of its swagger after surmounting, with gaudy performance on and off the field of play, a scoring week of disappointment and scandal. Credit an inspiring gold medal win Thursday by speed skater Cannock Le May Dineen in the women's 500-m race, and the extraordinary news Friday that gold will replace the departed after medals awarded Monday to Canadian pair team Jamie Salt and David Pelletier. The Canadian duo—beneficiaries of an international financiers' protest that worked an amazing alchemy on the usually ailed International Olympic Committee and the International Skating Union—were at pains to deflect attention. "Other Olympians are doing their personal best and winning medals but this is what everyone is talking about," said Salt of the scandal. "That's not what the Olympics is supposed to be about."

As if on cue, Beanie Scott of Vancouver, B.C., completed a stirring, photo-finish rush to bronze in the women's biathlon race, Canada's first-ever medal in cross-country skiing. That ended a disappointing scandal drought so far in the snow sports of skiing and bobsled and signalled the determination of Team Canada to strike two images already frozen into the national consciousness.

Picture 1: The usually one-faced Jeremy Worhampton sprouted like Barba on the speed-skating oval after a full burly four inches into his first race cost him a shot at a gold medal in the 500-m race. **Picture 2:** Pelletier leaving the ice at Delta Center as a radiant Salt raised her arms in premiere celebration of Olympic gold. "We had an unfortunate five days or so with the figure skating and Jeremy Belling," an obviously relieved Le May Dineen said after her dash to glory. "But I think we've shown we're a classy team."

Classy, yes, but not over-endowed with back, biathlete and bobbler, Elvii Stokoe, at 29 Canada's gold old man of figure



YOU SURE THIS IS UTAH?

You won't find Bart's 194 Leases in your typical Winter Olympics guide to Salt Lake City. Bart's is gritty where Utah is polite, disenchanted where Utah is proper, profane where Utah is sacred. But it has some bad points, too.

No chair? Sure, say Karl, Molly and Justin, 20-somethings availing themselves of \$6 juugs of draft on a Tuesday night. Is that Bart's is located in their hometown of Salt Lake? What they love about Utah is that its wilderness is wild and untamed, what bugs them is that its 10-million population is anything but.

Bart's is a notable exception. The crowd is loud, raucous and exuberant. They sport enough tongue-pulls to set off an Olympic medal riot at 30 p.m., leaving up the tiny stage lights in Big John Bates and The Fates imported from Vancouver. They speculate in what Baker calls "two-faced, five-headed mediocrity" about with flash and trash. He scored-up-bare players Caroline Rasmussen, sheets into a belly dance. Adding to the eye candy are Elizabeth's Betty and Little Betty Cakes, whose

costume-decked gyrations heavily skirt Utah's policy: nudity laws. Not that anyone at Bart's is likely to be a complaint.

Utah gets a busy job from its critics, says Bates, a regular on the Utah bar circuit. "When it comes to rock 'n' roll," he says, "Salt Lake is hard core."

It's not clear most Utahns would deem this a compliment. Salt Lake's writing away of outsiders are explicit, but the state is going through major mind shifts on the social side of the Olympics. There is a profound local divide between those who think the city's lowered up too much or too little for the games. Contributing tensions at the Olympic village, for instance, has emerged conservatives. "Where are the Olympic villages going their sex partners," asks Gabe Rucklows of the right-wing Eagle Forum. "Are they bringing their own? Or are they going out on the streets of Salt Lake City looking for sex and drugs?"

Who can say? Sonoma's Wino is jumping. But World's a money-oriented beach at a downtown plaza that draws more than 10,000 daily with a working combination of beer, booze and fast food. Downtown bars are also packed. There is, "The



Dead Goat Saloon, where the usual male in the men's westmen feature portraits of Osama bin Laden to an attempt to improve sales, was charged \$10, plus a \$6 membership at the door, for a came including full group. The cover was \$15 at the nearby Zephyr Club. West ambassadors have looked on 38 percent of guests on MTV, putting a whole new twist on Utah's state that there are the "Green Olympics."

The best deal in town is the Olympic Media Plaza, where admission is free and the headlines, including such Canadian heavyweights as Kelly Partridge and Alexei Molodtsov, are first-time viewers' National Hockey League games the night before. But even the game was more racing injuries didn't guarantee. Steve Foxman, the veteran coach who underwent a rheumatoid knee surgery only 11 days before Tom Cochrane's first game, said he began to feel the Olympic excitement while driving in the airport. "You are the banners and the buildings all decorated," he said, "and it's this way."

It's difficult for some, however. Officers to recognize in Olympic fever. "There isn't time to get pre-should one night they're pulled up for their pre-should, they have the next day to a short practice

Ken MacQuinn

skating. Finished eighth in his last, pretty Olympic performance. This has left the arena, but the night was defined by the fluid grace of Russian gold medalist Alexei Yagudin, and the huge promise of U.S. bronze medalist Timothy Goebel, a 21-year-old quadriplegic. Canada's next best hope, 21-year-old Emanuel Sandhu, was a disappointing scratch after tests showed torn knee cartilage.

The snow side of the team—a one-fifth-of-a-second of medals—has struggled. Freestyle skier Jean-Luc Brassard and Salpêtrier Rochon, bronze jury-jury Anderson and alpine skier Eda Federovskiy and Melanie Taugen registered disappointing results.

By Thursday, there was huge pressure on LeMay Doan to win gold and effect a turnaround in the team's fortunes. It was not the weight of Canadian expectations she felt. Her hardest critic—one of her few critics on a sport she dominates—is the 31-year-old Salt Lake-born speed queen herself.

She wore a palpable cloud of disgust after the first heat Wednesday, having merely set a new Olympic record time of 37.30 seconds. The problem, in her mind, was the failure to beat her own world record, and the margin. "It's second chance she built over Monique Gauthier-Enfield of Germany. What followed, as the fastest over the following day's final heat, was one of her infamous dark nights of the soul. "I just put so much pressure on myself," she said.

She relied on friends and teammates, on



Scott (top) and Klassen grabbed bronze, while Stajko and Wotternoppen stumbled



prayer, and on husband Bart Doan—her Zamboni-driving, radio-riding, tower-of-strength. The good guy in the black Straton was inside. Thursday as he usually is at her major races or at the Calgary Oval where she trains and he makes ice. It was to Bart she turned for a listening his after relegating Gauthier-Enfield to obscurity and before a triumphant, flag-fluttering victory lap, a round of interviews, and the commencement of worry about Sunday's 1000-m race.

THE LURE OF OLYMPIC HOCKEY GOLD

After their first and only pre-Olympic practice in Salt Lake City, the players who say Canada's hopes of the men's hockey tournament looked too modest to be paid even overviews. Most had flown in an early morning flight, having played National Hockey League games the night before. But even the game was more racing injuries didn't guarantee. Steve Foxman, the veteran coach who underwent a rheumatoid knee surgery only 11 days before Tom Cochrane's first game, said he began to feel the Olympic excitement while driving in the airport. "You are the banners and the buildings all decorated," he said, "and it's this way."

It's difficult for some, however. Officers to recognize in Olympic fever. "There isn't time to get pre-should one night they're pulled up for their pre-should, they have the next day to a short practice

here, and then, leave, the games begin. But this pressure makes this the one global hockey tournament that actually means something to every player. Everyone never wanted to be in Canada. Cape was the one-off World Cup of Hockey in 1996, and North American players are only so-so about the World Championships each spring. But

Sweden's Mats Sundin scores on Curtis Joseph in Canada's opening game last



a Winter Games title—that's something everyone wants. "I've never had the feeling of an Olympic gold medal except my neck before," Canadian team director Wayne Gretzky says. "I suspect that feeling will be the end of it."

Yet there's discussion in the pro ranks about participating in the Games, and that means doubt on the future of North Olympic hockey. Players doubt of the top countries say that because team medals don't have the same value as NHL duty to practice together on the big international ice. You don't get perks at their clubs. And some countries were without that have players in the qualifying round. It's not that the best want to support the 2006 Olympics, says defenseman Scott Niedermayer. But they do want to play the Games this year. "Maybe we could take a few games off the NHL schedule in Olympic years," he says. That would require negotiations between the NHL and the players' association, but the incentive is strong. Says Niedermayer: "It would be good for hockey. Period."

James Dore



Making the Salt Lake scene were (clockwise from top) tourists in Temple Square, Canadian hockey faithful, near-naked bagpipers and the Flameless Ladies

Olympic Nerve Wreck

Take the first Monday of the Games, please. It was, as *Wishempton* would have console, "a rough day for Red Deer." Both Salt and *Wishempton* are natives of the Alberta city, but equal measures of Black Monday grief were shared in *Wishempton's* day birthplace of Sudbury, Ont., across Canada and, it would seem, by millions of instant television viewers in the geopolitics of figure-skating judging.

The judging, controversy's one blessed by paradox: it distracted viewers and fans from a new FBI warning of a possible imminent terrorist attack on an American airport. While the Utah Olympic Public Safety Command distributed photos of the suspects on the FBI list, it's hard to imagine security getting tighter without closing the rink and exposing to all but athletes. The U.S. already has more troops deployed in Utah than in Afghanistan.

Visions to events, concerns, fears and the grounds of Temple Square, the downtown headquarters of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-Day Saints, walk through snow-dusted streets and submit to body searches and equipment tests. Even here, military personnel and the ostensibly cheerful local volunteer security staff often whisper a sympathetic "You were robbed" after spotting a Canadian ID tag.

"Everybody please bring a Canadian," a morning host on KSL, a Salt Lake City news radio station, implored on Tuesday. Hags are rare on a cold winter's day, but the mantle of Designated Victim of the 19th Winter Games is not a comfortable Canadian fit.

It was a dithering *Wishempton* who was seated to the oval Tuesday for the second leg of the two-day 500-m event. Although he couldn't possibly win after Monday's split, he proved something to the competition, and to himself, by posting the day's fastest time. He was already looking ahead to Saturday's 1000-m race, where his world record time of 1:07.72 is commemorated on a plaque above the oval entrance. As for the fall, he shrugged here, "It's just one of those things that happens when you really go for it." There are lessons to be learned from such events. Though, he added softly, "not necessarily about skating."

A hard lesson—how do you train for disappointment—but not one that applies to those without great expectations. Consider Candy Klassen, the Winnipeg-born speed skater who blazed through the last lap of the 3,000-m race Feb. 10 to win a

bronze—Canada's first medal of the Games. With teammates Clara Hughes and Kristina Groves also finishing in the top 10, the trio showed the enormous promise of the country's long- and short-track teams. "I didn't think I was really a medal chaser," said the 22-year-old Klassen after skidding almost four seconds—an eternity—off her personal best time.

Not bad for a washed-up hockey player Klassen, a former member of the national junior hockey team, was our dining roomer for the 1998 women's Olympic team. Convinced her childhood dream of a medal was dead, she almost quit sports to study at a Christian college in Germany instead, at 18, she tried speed skating, inspired by Le May Darrin and *Wishempton's* podium appearances in Nagano. "I'm really glad that happened," she says of her past disappointments.

Meaning, out of the Salt Lake spotlight, a defining characteristic of the Canada-U.S. relationship was coming: dear Canadians get curling. Americans are mighty poised—and determined—of the formidable string of victories Canada's men's and women's rink were nipping, up in

suburban Ogden. "Perhaps best described as bouncer on ice with a broom," opined the *New York Times*, which also dubbed it a "quasi-sport." Gradually, the Canadian ranks of Kelley Law and Kevin Martin have confirmed their rock throwing to the ice sheet. Both rinks are conducting missionary work on behalf of the sport between burling opponents in the preliminaries. Martin even found himself peppered with questions from the stands on Monday as his rink beat Russia 6-4. "I didn't mind," he says. "Where the heck, they were interested."

What the crowd did understand on Monday and beyond is that there, was a brief dignified Olympic tribute to the late Stefan Schröder, the beloved skip from Baggas, Sask. Schröder, who died nearly two years ago of cancer, led his rink in 1996 to the first-ever women's Olympic gold medal in curling. She was remembered as a poker Olympian, a fierce competitor, and a classy human being. There was a lot of this going around last week.

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**Congratulations to all the athletes
at Salt Lake City.**

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OLYMPICS



Remember the Falcons

A Canadian saga of hockey angst and anger

A collection of memorabilia from one of Canada's greatest hockey triumphs, stretched black-and-white photos, yellowed scrapbooks, a worn pair of leather skates, even a gold medal. It's an emotional effort designed to capture a select group of athletes in the Salt Lake City Games to bring new glory to their hometown—Isleham.

Sell stemming over a perceived slight by Canada's hockey establishment, descendants of the Winnipeg Falcons, a team of mostly Icelandic immigrants who won Canada's first Olympic hockey gold in 1920, have used their family treasures to Utah for an exhibition with a pointed message. If Canada can't see fit to honor its hockey heritage, maybe someone else will. "You have to see history honored," says Dr. John Fredrickson of Vancouver, son of Falcons' captain Frank Fredrickson. "But people have their memories."

At issue is the Canadian Hockey Association's unwilling last August of a retooling jersey for the 2002 Olympic squad. Hoping a link with the glorious past might help Canada's current hockey team win gold for the first time in 50 years, the CHA chose an old-fashioned, maple leaf logo based on the uniforms of the country's second Olympic champions, the 1904

Toronto Grenville Falcons (apart from the team members have passed on) still do score a slap in the face, just like the CHA's subsequent explanation that it wasn't clear whether hockey was a fall or winter sport when it was played at the 1920 Summer Games. Dismissed with Team Canada's decision to honor the Falcons by adding a sticker to players' helmets for their game against Sweden on Feb. 15, the Winnipeg fans collected Falcons memorabilia to display at Iceland's Olympic headquarters in Salt Lake. "The helmet is a little bit like the jockey, it's a piece of protective equipment," Fredrickson says dismissively.

Icelanders are a persistent people, as their 1,000-year commitment to a windswept Arctic island with lots of lava, but no stable land, attests. And the descendants of the thousands of Icelanders who migrated to Manitoba in the late 19th century are no less determined. The shabby treatment the Falcons received from Winnipeg's upper crust—Icelandic immigrants had to form their own hockey league because established teams refused to play them—was still a sore spot. Although the Falcons were hailed as hometown heroes when they returned victorious from the Games in

Aarsvep, Belgium, their descendants are told that few Canadians seem to remember the team. Some even sense a broader conspiracy in the winter selection. "It's a classic East versus West story," says Ron Goodman, whose uncle Alfie Goodman was a self-driving forward. "Those damn Torontoians did it to us again."

The "Falcons' Fever" can't help, so collect artifacts and money for the Utah exhibition and a permanent museum in Garfield, Man., has galvanized the Icelandic community. And Bob Nicholson, president of the CHA, mostly admits Team Canada's new measures have been more newsworthy than he might have preferred. "But that's hockey in this country, and that's good because people really care," he says. The controversy has opened the door to make greater efforts to honor all six of Canada's gold-medal-winning teams, he says. In addition to the helmet stickers, which will change each game, Canada's opponents will receive commemorative pendants.

It all makes perfect sense in Canada, but the other party in this saga of hockey angst and anger is a bit nonplussed. The National Olympic Committee of Iceland is grateful for the size display, but uncertain the six downhill skiers it sent to Salt Lake City can feel the magic. "Older people are aware of the Falcons, but I'm not sure the athletes are," says Lasse Halldorsson, head of Iceland's elite sports. "I just know because I had said it in a book." *Jonathan Gershon*



A FEUD IN THE FAMILY

Allan Rock and Paul Martin fight it out over the Liberals' membership rules

BY JOHN GEORGES in Ottawa

Looking for backdoor dealings as unseemly as those in international figure skating? Examples of ego tripping critics that would thrill familiar to a former Essex resident? Self-interest clouded in self-righteousness that beats more than a passing resemblance to the pose Michael Cowpland has struck in the face of insider-trading charges? For elements of all of the above, try the federal Liberals' leadership scrap. And if the row between Finance Minister Paul Martin and Industry Minister Allan Rock has broken into the open last week, won't you give this feud, best it stand, the official race to replace Jean Chrétien may still be many months or even years away. Plenty of time to escalate the scintilla.

To an outside, the details of the dispute hardly seem worth raising one's voice over, let alone raising the Liberal party's internal reputation for internal discipline. The public dish of allegations turned-out to an arcane

insider squabble over how easily Liberal organizers should be able to get their hands on blank party membership forms. Should they be handed out one at a time or in batches of five? Should the organizers be required to supply the names of the prospective members in advance? Such fine points have always been worked out quietly by the party's provincial wings. But to play this time are the rules for Canada—the biggest battleground and, as Rock's home in the industry remains' his best to close the gap between his come-from-behind bid and Martin's front-running trademark.

In other words, the choosing of the next prime minister may be at stake. For Martin, who enjoys the support of a big swath of Ontario MPs and their constituency associations, there is obvious advantage in making it harder for Rock to sign up new members and turn today's pro-Martin efforts into tomorrow's Rock banner. What Martin opposes is second in passing new rules to do just that, Rock accused him of turning the party

into a "country club for elites." Even more scandalous was the charge (sung by Whren Kinsella—a Rock supporter who lovingly cultivates a reputation for playing hardball—that the new restrictions amounted of "social profiling" to keep out potential new members from immigrant communities. Martin was steamed. He fired back that Rock's camp was engaging in "the very worst kind of politics."

There was a sort of superficial symmetry in the unguarded outbursts. One called hypocrisy against another. Rock's advisor Kinsella lined up against a non-unionist Martin lieutenant named Karl Lakin. But the two sides were really taking very different approaches. In his angry, carefully worded statement attacking Rock, Martin was remarkably candid in admitting that his team wanted the rule changes for campaign reasons. Mid is he was about being labelled elitist and even racist. He didn't try to deny the evidence that his guys were acting strategically. Rock, by contrast, insists that his aid for



Photo: G. F. Smith/Photo

may access to blank forms just deeper than the exigencies of ambition. "It's a question of principle," he told *Maclean's*.

That puts the standard Rock has no need to avoid looking like he's indulging in hyperbole—if not hypocrisy—much higher. So is there anything in what Martin's wheelmen and doleers have wrought that justifies such umbrage? Back in October, they passed a controversial rule in Ontario that limited access to membership forms. (The rule was widely from province to province.) The Ontario headquarters in Toronto would hand out only one form at a time to individuals who asked to join, along with even forms for immediate family members only. Leadership campaign organizers looking for multiple blank forms would have to go to local riding executives, who use their own discretion about how many to distribute and to whom. Since many of these constituency officials are Martin backers, Rock's opponents cited this, forcing their supply of the precious paper that fuels recruitment drives would dry up.

A comparison was worked out in early February by the national Liberal executive. New guidelines proposed by Chrétien's laymen urged the party's provincial wings to pass out forms five at a time. But Martin supporters added a rider clause when that policy was adopted in October: anyone asking for five forms would have to first

give headquarters the names of the five prospective new members.

For Rock, that was too much to take. He argued that his own political career would never have gotten off the ground if he hadn't been able to get stacks of blank forms back in 1993, when he was going door to door and holding coffee parties to sign up enough members to win a closely contested nomination in his Toronto riding. "It was an opportunity for me to work harder than the next person to convince as many people who had never been involved in politics before to sign the forms. It was not, because a member of the party and then come out and vote for me at a nomination meeting," Rock says. "If the current system was in place, I couldn't have done that."

That kind of splitting exercise in grassroots democracy is not what automatically springs to mind when political veterans think of blank membership lists. Canadian campaign law is full of rules of "intent" to restrict swarming by riding meetings and canvassing party volunteers. To be able to tell the one about Brian Mulroney's boys signing up thousands at a time, Old Brewery Mission to defeat Joe Clark's forces in 1983. Ties of mass sign-ups of ethnic community members abound, often before and after a past event, more recently Sikhia. And then there are single-issue groups with single-minded determination, like anti-abortion activists, who some-

times master the numbers to take over.

Jack Segal, co-chairman of the Liberal constitutional and legal affairs committee, agrees sudden influxes of strangers can be destabilizing to long-time party volunteers. But Segal opposes the Martin-backed membership restrictions, arguing that the way to beat a new wave of recruits is to buy in even more of your own. He has successfully organized such defensive campaigns. "I have an underlying philosophy: the more the merrier," Segal says. He has not declared for any candidate to succeed Chrétien, but allows he is "not sympathetic" to Martin. While he says short of endorsing Kinsella's imposition of a moral stain to the conservative new Ontario rules, Segal supports Martin's supporters have a related motive for being wary of newcomers to the Liberal fold. "They probably have some polling that says Paul Martin is more attractive to the established, very conservative, middle element of our party," he says.

Most last week's heated exchanges, both sides were trying to drag the internecine battle off the front pages and back behind closed doors. But the accusations of elitism and worse against Martin and his network will not be forgotten. What was once merely the usual Liberal preoccupation with power is now inescapably personal. ■

Rock backs disclosure his economic blueprint for Canada

Photo: G. F. Smith/Photo



Davidson likes to talk up his new device

More than just a phone

Calls over the Net could be a boon to business

BY CHRIS WOOD

Richard Davidson's desk in his residence room at Ottawa's Algonquin College looks like any other undergrad's work space—a casual scatter of books, papers and pens, a telephone. Or is it a telephone? The desk's grey appliance, smaller than a notebook, has the familiar handset and numbers. But above them is a glowing five-by-10-cm screen that, just now, is showing the latest weather forecast for the National Capital Region. The first-year massage-therapy student can also punch up sports and news headlines, a bit of his e-mail or stock reports. "We even have instant high-speed access to the school's network through the back of the phone," enthuses Davidson. "It's absolutely fantastic!"

The device in the Ottawa college's new residence building are not, in fact, iPhones at all. Nor of the kind that Alexander Graham Bell invented 125 years ago and the rest of us have been using, essentially unchanged, ever since. These phones send voices, transformed into electrical or optical frequencies, over dedicated circuits. These devices do it the way the Internet transmits data: chopping the voice into bits, sending them in packets by different routes to another phone, then reassembling them into a credible imitation of the original. To phone company folk, this is the biggest leap forward since glass fibers. To the rest of us, these Internet protocols—

or "IP"—phones promise cheaper, clearer calls, fewer numbers to remember and less hassle and installation cost. But for business, as well as institutions like Algonquin, the bigger bang will come from something else, merging the personal touch of a voice with the information handling, bells of the Net.

One big believer in that potential is Merrill Lynch & Co. The largest stockbroker in America has given IP phones to 3,000 of its 68,000 employees—and plans to install them in every new office it opens. "Imagine," says chief technology officer John McKinley, "a phone that recognizes a customer before the broker even picks up the handset, and flashes a mapshot on a computer screen of that customer's portfolio, along with his 10 most recent trades and how those stocks are performing." Similarly, Algonquin's chief teacher, Barry Brock, envisions a day in the next year or so when students scroll through their academic files or meet in new courses at their residence desks, clicking on the screen to connect by phone to an adviser—whose own screen instantly calls up their file and displays the courses they're considering. (To the net too distant future," says Brock, "the only appliance on your desk will be totally integrated with voice, data and video.")

The future will come first to big corporate phone systems. Bell Canada has worked with both Cisco Systems Canada Co. (whose technology is used at Algon-

quin) and rival Nortel Networks Corp. (with whom Bell installed a similar system at Lakehead University in Thunder Bay, Ont.) to promote claims of big savings over conventional office exchanges. At \$400 to \$1,000 each, IP phones also represent one of the low-bright spots on the telecom industry's otherwise bleak balance sheet.

There are ways for individuals to get on the phone over the Internet now: Microsoft's new Windows XP software sold at Canada comes with a little, via the Messenger chat program, to a service launched in September with Telus Corp., offering what the companies claim is "DVD-quality" calls from PCs to phones in North America for about a third less than conventional long distance. In December, Bell launched a trial of a similar service in Ontario and Quebec. But it's not the cheap long-distance calls driving phone companies' interest. To Brad Fisher, director of product development for Bell ISP "the real value proposition" is in the extra services the next-generation phones can provide, especially as point-of-sale devices.

The same technology may also finally deliver something promised for years that has yet to appear: real competition in local phone service. Cable companies are also experimenting with IP phones—connecting their use over existing connections into homes. But Alexander Brock, vice-president of business development for Toronto-based Rogers Communications Inc., trumpets his endorsement of private technology. "Anybody can do it for 100 people," says Brock. "But can you do it for 100,000?" The answer won't be "Yes," he thinks, for three to five years. Giving Alexander Graham Bell's personal invention a little longer to ripen—and rip.

Tech Explorer



Doing your taxes on the Web

Surveys show that many Canadians refuse to buy a book off the Net. So if Amazon.com will make you blanch, how about doing your taxes online instead?

Two companies are betting many Canadians will go for it. Instant Canada Ltd., Canada's leading tax-software supplier, offers an online service called QuickTaxWeb, a spinoff of its popular QuickTax software. And of its popular Mail-based "Instant" line, from the online version of its Turbo program, trademarked in partnership with Yahoo Canada.

The QuickTax approach is simple enough, says Paul Ingram, Instant's business unit manager. Instead of buying the latest tax software and installing it on your computer, you can simply log onto www.quicktaxweb.com. When you log off, Instant's servers save the data. Turbogroup can save the service free by completing an estate return. Only when it's time to file electronically do Ottawa-based Instant require a credit card to pay the \$19.95 for an individual's return. Taxes, fixed at about 20 percent, are automatically paid, but charge \$9.95 up front for a single return. Both services can then use Ottawa's increasingly popular NETFILE system to

file the returns online, vastly speeding up the refund process for those eligible.

Security, says Ingram, is on everyone's mind. All QuickTax data is encrypted, including the user's password, so that even system administrators can't see what's going on. And if storing your personal tax information on someone else's computer makes you nervous, after filing you can delete everything. "It's what we call your tax blob," says Ingram, "and it's all your tax information. Delete that, and it's all gone."

Scouring Salt Lake

Security at the Winter Olympics in Salt Lake City has at times taken so long that venues have been left half empty for events. But despite delays, the Games have become a showcase for high-tech crowd-control. The local West Valley City police department is testing its face and fingerprint recognition system. Made by New Jersey-based Vantage Corp. and Cogent Systems Inc. of California,

the hand-held scanner allows police to capture face and fingerprint images. These are whisked wirelessly to headquarters and compared with criminal databases. Results take three minutes. Police say the data is stored if there's no match. If there is one, it could mean missing the next event.

Danilo Hruschak

COOL SITE

Rocket science

What the heck? What is quick? Consider www.rocketnews.com for a hint of information. Developed by Ottawa-based RocketNews Inc., the search engine issued the last five days worth of news by scanning over 4,000 sites, many of them Canadian. Instead of using a popular search engine like Google, rocketnews.com services returns to current news from newspapers, magazines, websites, trade publications and corporate press releases. It also offers a handy desktop accelerator to automatically refresh searches.

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Donald Coxie

The Hale fellow, well met

David Hale, global chief economist for Zurich Financial Services Group, is the perfect globalist paria. Not only has he spoken at every World Economic Forum for a decade, but he travels "David Hale," the name of the sophisticated, fast-talking, globe-trotting businessman who addresses with top people at central banks and major corporations around the world.

At lunch at his club in Chicago last week, he was full of confidence. The Davos forum, transferred to New York this year amid concerns about process and international attendance, had worked out well, he thought, although the percentage of American attendees was higher than usual. The Japanese weren't there in their usual numbers, but then, the Japanese haven't gone anywhere in their usual numbers recently.

He complained that the U.S. economic profession failed to anticipate the recession because it never understood how these interlocking and overlapping trends at macro level drove the

economy instead of the Baby Bells, consumers would sign up, and more fiber would really get in.

I observed that the same thing has happened with high-definition TV. Congress gave the big TV networks spectrum for free, when they had bid US\$3.7 billion for it; the condition was that they invest the money to make high-definition available nationwide by 2000. Because of the close connections between the networks and the Democratic Party, Bill Clinton gave them a pass on fulfilling those pledges. The Democrats now control the Senate so the networks are still relieved of pressure to comply. David and I agreed that in the nation with global technological leadership, powerful vested interests hold back widespread introduction of the two most important consumer electronic services of our time—and Washington doesn't do anything about it.

As usual, he had some good anecdotes. At the lunch was Irving, he said he had the greater of all Enron money, which he picked up from the Indian representatives at Davos-in-New-York.

Those Palestinian terrorists who attacked the Indian Parliament planned to murder the entire cabinet. What they didn't know was that the cabinet would be in the chamber just before the attack, they had called an emergency to get them to check the televised proceedings. But a power failure at his hideout had wiped out reception, and he didn't know that Parliament had been adjourned.

Enron had built a huge power plant near Bombay, but got into a prolonged struggle with the far-left local government, which insisted Enron should sell power at prices far below those proposed when Enron got authority to build the plant. As a result, the plant never came on stream and plans for a host of other foreign-financed power projects were cancelled when their backers ran into what happened to Enron.

The terrorists managed to get inside the government building, and might well have been able to find their attack to assassinate the entire cabinet; were it not for the power failure. Had they succeeded, the Indians told David, the Indian army would have launched a full-scale invasion of Pakistan. It would have achieved such overwhelming success that the Pakistanis would have used nuclear weapons, and India would then have withdrawn with its own, larger arsenal of nukes.

Enron saved the world from nuclear war, David chuckled. David Hale makes a fine host.

Donald Coxie is chairman of Horne Investment Management in Chicago and Toronto-based Jones Private Investments.

A globalist guru offers insights on the recession and—with a wink—how Enron saved the world from nuclear war

The Telecommunications Act, David explained, opened up local and long-distance service to new suppliers, who spent money feverishly to install equipment. Then the dot-com bubble created hundreds of new companies, of which "maybe 10 per cent had real business plans," but they all needed equipment. Then, with Y2K looming, business spent heavily on computers and systems to prevent millennial crashes.

The outcome was well exceeding for such business. But one aspect of the telecom law made that bad situation even worse: it let the big Regional Bell Operating Companies, commonly known as Baby Bells, defer installing high-speed Internet connections to residences—as they were required—by paying rather modest fines.

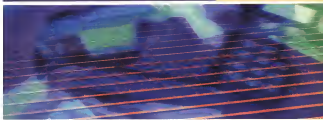
The result: long-line countries such as Global Crossing went bankrupt connecting countries around the world by optical fiber lines. Most American homes do not have high-speed networking access because "the last mile" of connection belongs to the Baby Bells, who'd rather pay those fines in a case of need doing business, while watching their potential competition go bust. This is a big reason why only three per cent of optical cities functioning; it can't go that last mile. If the gov-

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Your Guide to Financial Planning



Prioritizing Your Financial Goals

Everyone has a wish list when it comes to personal finances. Depending on circumstances, yours may include such items as paying off credit card debts, paying down a mortgage, saving for retirement, saving for your children's education or leaving an estate. The difficulty is that most people don't have enough funds to do everything they want when they want. So how do they make their wish lists reality?

"They should set their priorities,"

says Larry Short, a vice-president at NBC Dominion Securities Inc.

Short helps clients prioritize using a white board to list debts and assets, ranking them by interest expense in the case of debt and expected income in the case of assets. "Look at what paying off debt can mean to after-tax cash flow," he says, noting that people will often benefit significantly from cashing in their savings to pay off personal debt. For example, a person with \$5,000 in credit card debt and \$5,000 in savings could easily save \$700 a year in interest expense.

The next step is to write down the client's assets, liabilities and family insurance. "These should be the priorities," he states.

He notes that it's common for people to ask whether they're better off paying down their mortgages before

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making RUSP and RESP contributions. His answer: "Do the projections."

Short will estimate what a family's net worth could be given a number of possible income and investment scenarios. These estimates make it easier to determine the advantages of various options, such as paying down a mortgage or paying money in an RUSP and using the tax savings from a pay down a mortgage, contribute to an RESP or both. "More often than not, people should pay down their mortgages first," says Short.

Unused RUSP contributions can be carried forward. The decision to postpone putting funds into an RESP depends largely on the age of your children. You would not postpone putting money into an RESP if that meant you would be unable to get the maximum Canada Education Savings Grant. The maximum is 30 per cent of an RESP contribution per beneficiary under 18 years of age, up to \$490 a year (or a maximum of \$7,200). Unused CESGs can be carried forward, but the maximum the government will pay in any year is \$800.

Short explains that there's no "one size fits all" solution to setting priorities. Even if the calculations indicate that paying down a mortgage is the best route to take, some people will simply be more comfortable putting their money into retirement savings and using the tax rebates for other purposes. "We like the robotic answer from the computer and weigh it against what the client feels. You do what makes the client feel most secure," he says.

Short will also do projections for clients who have unused RUSP room so that they can determine whether obtaining an RUSP loan is a wise idea, given probable interest-rate and investment-market scenarios. "It's important that the client understands all the alternatives," he says.



Financing Your Retirement Using Home Equity

When pensions and RUSPs aren't enough, you may want to consider financing your retirement with the equity in your home. Having profits in many parts of the country have soared over the past few decades and, as a result, you may have substantial home equity into which you can tap.

If you wish to use your home equity for retirement, you have two alternatives. You can borrow against your equity while continuing to live in your home. Alternatively, you can sell your home and invest part or all of the proceeds.

You can also get what's called a reverse mortgage, in which you receive a lump sum payment or an annuity that can range from 12 per cent to 40 per cent of the appraised value of your home. The actual amount will depend on the value of your home as well as on your age or your spouse's age, whichever is less. To qualify for a reverse mortgage you must be at least 62, but the younger you are, the lower the portion of the appraised value you'll receive.

You won't make any payments on a reverse mortgage. Instead, the interest on the loan you receive compounds and is payable only when you sell the house or when you or your surviving spouse dies.

You can get a reverse mortgage through banks, credit unions and many financial planners (the largest category in this field is Canadian Home Income Plan). The advantage of a reverse mortgage is that you don't have to make any payments even if the value of your home declines after you receive your funds. The disadvantage is that your equity in the home erodes over time, a major consideration if you intend to leave the home to your children or hope to take additional equity out at a later date. In addition, the interest rate on a reverse mortgage will likely be higher than a rate on a conventional mortgage. And, as with any mortgage, there are fees pertaining to the appraisal and to closing.



You might also consider a home equity loan. Bear in mind, however, that most financial institutions are reluctant to grant such loans to someone without adequate income to service the loan.

Ian Davidson, a vice-president and senior financial adviser with Assante Capital Management Ltd., says before making equity from their homes should consider selling, buying a smaller home and investing the remaining capital. Depending on the objectives of an individual, he or she can invest in a portfolio of mutual funds and receive a portion each month. Alternatively, he or she can invest in a life annuity in fact, Davidson and other financial planners recommend that people who would otherwise buy GICs and live off the income consider combining a life annuity with life insurance for the full value of the annuity's strategy that allows them to have an estate.

Carol McLarnon, business development manager with Standard Life Assurance Co., points out that there are tax advantages to using insurance products. She recommends investigating an insured annuity, which combines life insurance with a prescribed annuity. The tax treatment of payments from prescribed annuities assumes level portions of interest and capital for each payment. As a result, the taxable portion is constant, unlike regular annuities for which the taxable portion is highest in the first year and declines over subsequent years.

For example, a 70-year-old male who is a non-smoker can invest \$200,000 and receive annual income for life of \$14,882, assuming a five-per-cent pre-tax return. The annual taxable portion would be \$4,832 and, assuming an effective tax rate on the income of 40 per cent, his after-tax payout would be

\$12,941. His annual insurance premium for a \$200,000 term-to-100-year policy would be \$3,993. As a result, he would have \$9,948 after paying the premium and taxes.

If, on the other hand, he avoided \$200,000 in a GIC paying five per cent, his gross annual earnings would be \$10,000 before taxes and \$6,000 after taxes. He would be better off by \$2,943 a year with the insured annuity (assuming no change in the GIC rate or renewal).

Keep Your Financial Plan Up-to-Date

Don't let your financial plan get dusty! To ensure it reflects your current situation as well as that of the economy review your plan, on your own or with a professional financial planner, at least once a year.

To start, examine your recent spending habits, budgeting and personal balance sheet. Look for changes you hadn't anticipated. If you increased credit card debt when you'd planned to eliminate it, take the steps necessary to reverse the situation. Look too, for opportunities. If you have a mortgage coming up for renewal, for example, determine which payment option will make you debt-free earlier.

Next, review your life and disability insurance. You should address the need for changes in coverage against changes in circumstances, such as the birth of a child or the assumption of new debts. If you're thinking about changing jobs, make certain you understand the group coverages that will be offered by your new employer as well as how it compares to what you already have. Make sure that you obtain additional coverage for any waiting periods specified by your new group policies.

No financial plan is up-to-date without a look at tax planning. Determine whether you're maximizing the most tax-efficient manner and are taking full advantage of programs like RESP. Consider splitting income with your spouse or another family member where the tax rules allow to reduce the total tax bills your family pays.

You should also examine your investment assets and rebalance your asset mix if necessary to suit your needs. And don't forget estate planning—make sure that your will and power of attorney are current.

If there's been a major increase in the value of your assets, like a stock portfolio whose gains may be taxable on your death or your spouse's, make sure you have enough insurance coverage to pay taxes. While you're re-examining your investment portfolio, confirm that each holding is suitable to your needs, that you are adequately diversified and that you have maintained an appropriate asset mix.

Finally, review your overall objectives, crossing out those you've attained, and adding any new ones that arise during the exercise.

Diversifying Your Portfolio

How well have your investments performed over the past few years? If your answer is better than the market when the market was rising and worse when it was falling, you probably aren't diversified enough. It's possible that your portfolio either holds too few stocks or, conversely, holds enough, but they're all concentrated in the same industry. If you've done neither better nor worse than the market, but your objectives were to beat it, you probably have too many holdings.

Most investment fund managers rely on proper diversification and a mix of asset classes in their quest to outperform appropriate benchmarks. Individuals who want to avoid making a financial roller coaster should do the same. Equity investors should hold shares of several companies and, ideally, those shares should represent different industries. Mutual fund investors can reduce volatility by holding a variety of funds representing different industries, sectors or management styles.

You don't have to have a large portfolio to diversify. An investor who owns only a single Canadian growth equity fund can replicate a portion of it with a Canadian value fund. Both tend to move higher over the long-term, but their performances over the short-term tend to correlate poorly. As a result,

the performance of a portfolio comprised of those two funds can be considerably less volatile than either fund on its own. This, in turn, can make it easier to sleep at night.

You can further reduce volatility by putting a portion of your assets into fixed-income securities and another portion into cash or cash equivalents like treasury bills. Treasury bill returns are the least volatile but provide lower long-term returns than other bonds or stocks. Nevertheless, they can be an important component of a portfolio in uncertain times.

When you diversify internationally, you have the opportunity to invest in industries that may not be widely available in Canada, or in markets that are in different stages of their economic cycles. Generally you can invest up to 30 per cent of your RRSP in foreign properties. Those who have invested part of their RRSPs in foreign property, particularly in the U.S., have generally earned higher returns than those who invested in foreign markets.

RBC Financial Group's 11th annual RRSP poll, released in January, indicated that, on average, the foreign content in Canadian RRSPs was equal to only 18 per cent of



their total value. In addition, it showed that 86 per cent of those surveyed held less than 25 per cent foreign content. The survey found that people who used investment advisors were more likely to have twice the foreign content in their portfolios than people who had self-directed plans and did not use advisors.

The lesson? If you need help determining how to structure your RRSP portfolio, consider spending some time with a financial adviser. It just might turn out to be one of the best investments you'll ever make.



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Mary Janigan

Get smart about cards

It sounds like such a tempting solution to all security woes and hassles. Suppose we had a simple card with a tiny microchip stuffed with so much data that we could sail through everything from airport screening to doctor's offices with a single swipe. Such identification cards are technically feasible, increasingly cheap—and, on the surface, comforting. For those reasons alone, they are probably inevitable within the next decade. But no card, however smart, can assure national safety. And every card, however handy, carries risks to personal privacy that must be considered and controlled. "There is a definite potential to provide benefits," says Jane Dugge, business security consultant at Deloitte & Touche. "Cards can improve security—and they are not inherently detrimental to privacy. The concern arises from the way they could be set up and used to become a tool of social control. Care must be taken."

Such cards are becoming the way of the world. Starting this June, Ottawa will replace its permanent resident papers with a fraud-resistant card carrying a laser-engraved photo and basic biographical data. Although the card will not hold biometric data such as fingerprints, it will have the capacity

In the wake of Sept. 11, support has grown for do-it-all electronic ID cards. But they could be a dumb idea.

to do so. To thwart fraud, the Chinese government is replacing its health cards with smarter cards. Alberta is considering a similar measure. Neither government has ruled out the possibility of eventually including biometric information.

In the wake of Sept. 11, the U.S. Defense Department has been issuing smart cards to employees and contractors. The cards provide access to buildings and computers—and will eventually hold everything from listing allowances to men's full passes. The British government will publish a consultation paper this spring on compulsory ID cards that would replace passports and drivers' licenses—and allow access to public services. Such cards are becoming common in parts of Europe, notably Germany and Southeast Asia. Thailand, for instance, is introducing a national registration card that stores basic information and will one day include credit card, passport, and driver's license data. All on one tiny chip.

The danger of such national ID cards is not in the technology—but in ourselves. Queen's University sociologist David Lyon, who has tracked the rapid proliferation of such cards around the globe, warns that the sheer decade of the technology, the ability to cross-reference everything from credit-card purchases to doctor's visits to domestic flights, could become untenable silence. But ID cards are not a sub-

stitute for investigative work: they are only as good as the data sources they come from—such as driver's licenses or birth certificates—and that data can be forged.

Meanwhile, the social consequences could be disquieting. In good times, the cards may simply be viewed as the price that citizens have to pay for safety. In tough times, it may be too easy to target whole groups—or the price of social harmony. Arab-born Canadians, for example, could find themselves facing airport scrutiny. "All the evidence suggests that governments are increasingly willing to consider more technical solutions to social problems," says Lyon, "and that they are prepared to accept the views of 'experts' who are, in fact, employed by high-tech companies. The opportunities for independent assessment seem to be diminishing."

Our technical ability and security concerns, in fact, have outpaced our consideration of the issue. Prior to Sept. 11, reports Liberal pollster Michael Marzolino, chairman of Polls Inc., only 12 per cent of Canadians approved of mandatory fingerprints and ID cards. In the aftermath, that number shot up to 80 per cent—numbers that Marzolino puts down to "frustration, paranoia and fear, without proper deliberation." That number is now quickly sliding. "We have pretty much recovered," he says, "although there are still lingering fears and worries."

But what if something horrible happens again? What if we do not have time to consider the questions before we pour ourselves into the technology? National ID cards are cheaper if the costs are shared among multiple users, such as credit-card companies and various government services. So how do we aggregate the data into systems—and then keep it aggregated against all apparently reasonable argument? Support, says federal Privacy Commissioner George Radwanski, the card contains both a driver's license and health records; police officers may argue that they should have access to unredacted data in order to determine if a driver they have stopped has a record of psychological instability. How, for that matter, will any new provincial health-care cards work? Would a doctor treating a hard-eyed guy be able to learn that the patient once had an abortion?

"Smart cards are not bad in themselves," Radwanski says. "But we would have to ask what information is going to be on the card, who will control its use and what would be the safeguards. If what you need to function in society is on one card, it becomes very easy to crosswalk it." Smart cards, after all, are only as smart as the people who deploy them. □



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This Boy's life

A lot of people think that I went into a coma after *Korn's* *Cashback*," grumbles British pop idol Boy George. But in the past year alone, the former Culture Club front man has published a cookbook, *Korn's Cashback*, scored the world's hottest dance clubs as a DJ, hosted a British cable TV talk show from his home, made a cameo appearance in the Spanish film *I Love You Baby*, and is currently overseeing the new musical *Telma* in London's West End.

Telma documents the years that Culture

Club topped the music charts. "I think the show is a cultural portrait of the '80s," says Boy George, 40, backstage after the gala premiere. "But a slightly more exaggerated, slightly more cartoon portrayal of it." The play delves into the highs and lows of fame, including the singer's own harrowing fall from grace after becoming a heroin addict—which eventually led to the breakup of Culture Club. Playing the role of the gender-bending lead singer is newcomer Ewan Morton. "His fantastic. He's got a big nose and a small chin. What can you do?" says Boy George, poking fun at his own shortcomings.

And should the play create a resurgence of interest in Culture Club's music, the band seems primed to capitalize. "We probably will do something later in the year because it will be our 10th anniversary," says Boy George. "And if we can work with people like Busta Rhymes or Missy Elliott, I'm on for a new album. But to do the same old thing, I have no interest in that." As for his solo career, Boy George says he's recording new material and would love to eventually release an album of *Joan Mitchell* covers. That's funny, since this boy definitely knows what it's like to see from *Both Sides Now*.



Dopud scores big with *Killerblades*

From action to actor

Before he, the new *Killerblades* got a good name, but some good has come out of it for Montreal-born stuntman Mike Dopud. The former football and hockey player was initially hired as a stunt double for his sister, expense, but was given an acting role when director John McTiernan (*The Hunt*) needed a Russian villain. "I spoke Yugoslavian and he and that was close enough," recalls the 35-year-old Vancouverite, whose credits with the CFL's Saskatchewan Roughriders and the Columbus Crew—a professional hockey team in Ohio—were both cut short by a knee injury.

During the filming of *Killerblades*, Dopud suffered a hairline fracture in his left leg and bone chips in his right elbow. "We were hanging off motorcycles and then we were doing spins on a *Killerblades* and getting thrown around," says Dopud. "I felt like I was back in training camp." But it was worth it for the chance to put stunt work into acting—something Dopud's been trying to do for years. "Carving director wouldn't really regard me as a serious actor," he says, "and some of the stunt coordinators thought more people as stunt people, actors are actors. It is fortunate that now people are allowing me to do both." Recently, Dopud was hired as an actor—who does his own stunts—in the upcoming film *I Spy*, with Eddie Murphy, and *Edie & John*, in which he takes a beating from Lucy Liu. Nice work if you can get it.

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Environ *Thiffault's* research goal is to make people more responsible when it comes to the environment. Having completed her B.A. in forest engineering at UBC Okanagan, she is now using an NSERC scholarship to use the seeds of more sustainable forest management. In collaboration with the forestry industry, Thiffault is studying the effects of whole-tree harvesting on soil fertility. She wants to find out to what extent this logging practice threatens productivity by depleting the soil of its essential nutrients.

This year, NSERC (The Natural Sciences and Engineering Research Council) will invest more than half a billion dollars in university-based research and training in all the natural sciences and engineering. NSERC scholarships and fellowships help close to 14,000 students who then apply their knowledge and obtain higher degrees. NSERC programs also give these students access to the best teachers and technologies, and make it easier for them to build relationships with companies and put their ideas to work.

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Cairns is investigating how 233 people have died since 1996 with methadone in their bodies.

TOO MANY DEATHS

As Ontario's methadone program for drug addicts expands, so do fatalities

BY DANYLO HAMALESHKA

The detective who investigated Jessica Weber's death is reluctant to say much about how she died. An Ontario coroner will decide that after a preliminary hearing expected this spring. Jessica's parents, grieving the loss of their teenage daughter, would rather not talk either. Losing their 15-year-old girl makes no little sense.

Last July, Jessica was babysitting not far from her home in Kitchener, a little over an hour's drive west of Toronto. Several friends dropped by. Police believe one of the visitors spilled Jessica's drink with methadone, a powerful synthetic opiate normally used to wean addicts off heroin. She allegedly drank it without knowing, then went to a relatives' home where ambulance attendants found her unconscious and not breathing. Police charged Michael McElhenn, 35, with manslaughter, trafficking and obstruction of justice. The case troubles Dr. James Cairns, deputy chief coroner for Ontario, who sees signs that growing numbers of youths are getting mixed up with methadone. In Ontario, deaths

says Cairns, "is really raising alarm bells."

Here and many others. Cairns is investigating 233 deaths in Ontario dating back to 1998 in which toxicologists detected methadone in the decedent's body. The province and its doctors are coming to terms with a tragic snafu. When prescribed with care, and coupled with counselling, methadone can be an extremely effective treatment for heroin addicts. It helps curb the craving and pain from withdrawal from the pleasure to beg, borrow and steal the hundreds of dollars a day required to find a devastating habit. Methadone also minimizes the transmission of AIDS and hepatitis by reducing the possibility that addicts will use dirty needles to inject it. But when the controls are lax, as seems to be the case with some of the methadone given to at most three 6,500 opiate abusers at Ontario's program, the drug can become a killer.

Quebec and British Columbia, the two other provinces with significant populations of heroin addicts, have similar problems but seem to be doing a better job of handling methadone. In Quebec, 119

deaths from roughly 1,750 patients. In 2000, the most recent year for which figures are available, Quebec had a record high of 10 deaths in which methadone was found in the decedent's body. On a proportional basis, however, Ontario's death rate that year was almost 50 per cent higher.

British Columbia, home of Vancouver's infamous Downtown Eastside, has long had the largest population of methadone users in Canada. More than 8,000 patients receive the treatment in B.C., yet deaths directly attributable to methadone have been decreasing, says Peter Hickey, executive director at the College of Physicians & Surgeons of British Columbia. Corporations, however, are hampered by a lack of new members. From 1997 to 1999, deaths in which methadone was detected ranged from 39 to 49—at a time when the number of patients increased by 73 per cent. Unlike Ontario, B.C. puts a 400-yr cap on the amount of methadone patients are allowed to take home at a time. Any doctor who wants to give a patient more must ask the B.C. college for permission. That is

to double-check that the increase is justified, says Hickey. "We also to ensure that the public is not put at risk by an increased amount of methadone out on the street."

And then appear to be the problem in Ontario—too much methadone on the street. The amount being doled out has increased sharply, as has the number of physicians authorized to prescribe it to opiate addicts. Ontario doctors, meanwhile, allow a relatively large percentage of patients to take some days' worth of methadone doses home—leaving the possibility that some of it will be sold on the black market. While methadone isn't a drug of choice, some addicts seek it out to tide them over until they can score their highs, or perhaps junkkilling. Richard, 40, a former doctor's assistant and rather urbane samples, they will buy from a dealer.

Methadone is prescribed to a patient with chronic pain to mask its later use and prevent it from being rejected. Ontario guidelines advise doctors to have a doctor check their dose in the presence of the prescribing pharmacist for at least two visits to ensure they are taking it properly. As patients become more mobile, they can earn the privilege of taking home their doses—typically referred to as "corries." Ontario doctors, however, have been staying some corries well before the two months are up and, overall, making them available to about 70 per cent of addict patients. (In B.C., by contrast, just 22 per cent of addicts get corries.)

It's not that the methadone program is without merit. Dr. Jeff Dineen, medical director for the Ontario Addictive Treatment Centre, with its clinics in southern Ontario, points to its success in keeping people healthy and out of jail. "The untreated heroin addict," Dineen says, "costs society roughly \$50,000 per year, but the addict in a methadone clinic costs about \$5,000 per year." Dineen and a staff of 50 doctors as well as therapists treat more than 1,000 opiate addicts. "The risk, of course, is that the dose gets doled out on the street," says Dineen. "But certainly not saying anything out of our clinics." But that risk, he says, must be weighed against clear benefits.

Responsibility for overseeing the drug program falls to Dr. Graeme Cunningham, who chairs the methadone governance committee for the College of Physicians and Surgeons of Ontario. Doctors

who prescribe methadone for opiate addiction, he says, are held accountable to the college's strict guidelines. That's not to say they play no part in the problem. But Cunningham suggests another way that methadone may be leaking into the economy—from Ontario's 153 physicians prescribing methadone "with no accountability" for chronic-pain relief. They operate without specific guidelines, he says, and they aren't required to include their patients' names in a central registry like the one used to track opiate-abusing patients. "I have no doubt," says Cunningham, "that the loose prescription of methadone you have, the more methadone is going to start up in the community."

Still, several street-tag agency users told McElhenn that many Ontario doctors treating addiction are too eager to prescribe corries. Mark McEldown, a Kitchener-based tattoo artist who, at 40, has been a heroin addict and out of jail for 20 years, says he's never been eager to get methadone on the street. He blames doctors in a hurry. "They're ready to put you on a just like that," McEldown says with a snap of his fingers.

Mark Lenchy says it is a case in point. Three years ago, after years of heroin abuse and trafficking drugs, Lenchy found himself at an Ontario clinic where he could get as much methadone as he liked. All he had to do, he says, was claim his dose wasn't high enough to curb his heroin cravings and his doctor would scribble a new prescription. "Everybody in the program except one looked at their methadone," he says. Lenchy, a slim 30-year-old with brown hair pulled back in a ponytail, now attends a semi-methadone program in Kitchener that releases no filler drug use. He occasionally runs into his old associates and they're still around, he says, and still pushing methadone.

Lenchy's doctor, Ralph Stenness, puts from some of his methadone-prescribing colleagues in visiting his patients give up other drugs. Only after three months of responsible behaviour does he consider them for limited doses. "I don't give corries unless they're clean," says Stenness. "This is for the safety of the patients, as well as the people around them."

TROUBLING NUMBERS

Deaths in Ontario in which methadone was detected in the decedent



All the numbers of patients reporting methadone in their bodies in Ontario given by the government department.

Source: Office of the Registrar General, Ministry of Health and Long-Term Care, Ontario.

Typically, people who take too much methadone fall asleep. At a party you might think the person had too much to drink and passed out. You'd be dead wrong. Some will vomit or bleed. The breathing slows, the blood pressure drops, the person lapses into a coma and the heart stops.

A therapeutic dose for one person can easily kill another. Methadone users must build tolerance by starting with small amounts. To the uninitiated, a low dose can bring on a gradual feeling of euphoria. Methadone is particularly dangerous when mixed with other respiratory suppressants—alcohol, cocaine, Valium, codeine—when passed off as another drug, or when slipped into someone's drink, as it is alleged to have happened in the Weber case.

Methadone programs were scarce in the early 1990s, when Canada lagged behind other western nations. Addicts waited many weeks for help. In 1995, the federal government developed

responsibility for methadone treatment to the provinces. Ontario and B.C. responded quickly, giving physicians greater latitude in determining treatment and take-home privileges. In Ontario, unfortunately, the bodies began piling up. In 1998, one people died with methadone in their system. By the next year it was 47, then 64 the year after that. Meanwhile, the number of doctors prescribing the drug has risen from 41 in 1996 to more than 200 now, and the number of patients seeking treatment almost sevenfold, from 975 to 6,571. Cairns launched his first investigation in 1998.

The deputy chief coroner determined that, of the nine who died in 1998, methadone directly killed two and contributed to the death of four. The methadone showed in the bodies of the other three, he found, played no part in their deaths. In 1997, methadone killed or helped kill 36 of the 47. Cairns is now well into a second investigation, reviewing deaths from 1998 to 2001. He expects to report in April.

The outline of his first study were troubling enough. Almost a third of those who

dead were enrolled in methadone-treatment programs, and all but a few of them died within a week of being put on the drug. Conclusion: Opioid doctors were killing their patients by upping doses too quickly. "We've always been told start low," says Cairns. "There was a warning—don't go up too soon, but it hadn't been done here."

Equally troubling were the two-thirds who were not in methadone programs. Most of them were not known to be heroin addicts—they were first-time users, casual experimenters. Methadone, Cairns concluded, had become a drug of abuse. He received numerous anonymous tips that addicts were diverting their methadone. "There certainly seemed to be information out there that some people were getting caught and selling them," he says. But he couldn't prove it.

Five months later, in the summer of 1999, the Ontario college created its methadone governance committee and appointed Cunningham, director of the addiction division at Homeless Health Centre Inc. in Guelph, as its chairman. The college adopted a "go low, go slow" approach to dosing.

That year 65 more people died with methadone in their systems. In 2000, the toll dipped to 53. Last year it was 51 as of November, the latest month on record. Until Cairns stepped in, it will remain unclear how many of these deaths are directly or indirectly attributable to methadone. The college audits physicians to ensure they comply with the guidelines, but only 107 out of 223 have so far had their records checked.

Clearly, methadone-related deaths have risen in Ontario since 1996. But has the methadone program also lowered the number of deaths from heroin overdose? Possibly. The most recent numbers—80 deaths from heroin in 1996, then 129 in '97, followed by a drop to 31 in '98 and to 57 in '99. But there is no evidence to relate that trend directly to the methadone program.

The college also does not track how many addicts in Ontario's methadone programs are now functioning well enough to hold jobs. But to Cunningham, seeking that kind of evidence is like asking doctors to justify using insulin for diabetics—everybody knows it works.



DeWard worries that other methadone patients don't keep their 'barrier' secure.

"Methadone is the most scientifically inappropriate drug," he says. "We know that heroin addicts who go on methadone return to the maintenance of living."

Some get there despite the treatment they encounter in clinics. Today, Dora (not her real name) is a 28-year-old nursing student with a promising future. Fourteen years ago she started taking Tylenol 3s, which contain codeine, for chronic abdominal pain. As Dora built a tolerance to the painkillers, she moved on to Percocet, Suboxone and eventually Dilaudid, which she'd crush and inject to inject as a clear cocktail. "I was in good at seeing the doctor that I went to," she says. "But no questions were asked."

About 18 months ago, Dora checked into a detox clinic, where she says her physician treated her with indifference. "I got no respect from the doctor in Toronto," she says. "My mother was right—they treat you like an addict, you're just a piece of shit. How are you supposed to get better like that?" At first she tried going cold turkey, detesting any methadone. She became violently ill and says her doctor wouldn't see her daily as promised. After six weeks, she moved home with a referral to a nearby clinic where she did use methadone under strict controls before weaning herself off that, too.

As good as it can be, methadone has a way of falling into the wrong hands. Ontario's guidelines call on physicians to advise patients to keep take-home doses in a locked container if other people, especially children, could have access. Patients keep their take-home doses refrigerated. In 1998,

a six-year-old boy in Toronto, drinking his father's methadone as orange juice, drank some and died.

That same year, pregnant Jennifer DeWard, 49, began injecting Dilaudid, in part to ease pain caused by irritable bowel syndrome. Now 25 and working as a courier-service dispatcher, she has been clean for almost two years under the care of "Samuel," who requires that his patients lock up their stash. Another clinic, DeWard had attended had no such constraint. "It was scary," she says. "A lot of people had children."

It's not just kids who get into it. Joseph MacKenzie, 22, a labourer in Kitchener, died after drinking methadone prescribed to a woman with an opiate addiction. It was in the refrigerator, unlocked, and police think MacKenzie, who was visiting the apartment, drank it after the woman went to bed. Two weeks earlier, MacKenzie had visited his mother, Rena Sandy, in her home near Wexham, 165 km north of Kitchener. Her voice was raspy. Sandy says she asked him to stay in help build an addition to her house. "He said he had some stuff he had to get done and that he would be back," she says. "I didn't know he'd be coming back in a pane box."

Sandy says the often drinker of Jesus Weber, who died in the same city less than two months later. "Her parents don't have a grandchild to hug," she says. "They'll never see her get married, graduate or have her first child." She wonders why methadone is not more strictly controlled. "How many more will have to die?" asks Sandy. It's a fair question. ■



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Marley (left) and Kilder, with director Stacy Stewart Carter, have a winking chemistry

Ready for its close-up

With the new series *Tom Stone*, Calgary finally gets to play itself

BY BRIAN BERGMAN

In the opening episode of *Tom Stone*, RCMP Cpl. Martina Di Lanzo leaves over dinner at a posh Toronto restaurant that she's being transferred to Calgary. "You know," she says in response, "they don't have anything to eat in Calgary that doesn't have heaven." This scene in the Feb. 25 debut neatly foreshadows what happens over the 13-episode span of the CBC-TV series' first season as Martina (Christa Miller) heads off to what she considers the untrammeled West. There, the relatively scarce up with the title character, *Tom Stone* (John Marley), as a cowboy and co-conspirator when Martina returns out of jail to be part of a covert computer crime unit. While the fish-out-of-water premise underlying Kilder's role is nothing new to network television,

the setting is unique. *Tom Stone* is the first prime-time Canadian series to be filmed and unapologetically rooted in Calgary, a city that is clearly ready for its close-up. What is also unusual about *Tom Stone* is its light-hearted tone. Canadian shows tend to come in two very distinct forms—either one-hour dramas or outrageous half-hour sketch comedies. The hour-long *Tom Stone*, on the other hand, is modelled very much on the "discovery" format perfected decades ago by such American shows as *Magnum PI* and *The Rockford Files*. "I wanted to create a show that had the feeling of the sort of the TV series I used to watch," says *Tom Stone*'s 46-year-old creator and executive producer, Andrew Wiggles. "You've got a hero whose innate goodness you trust, but he's also a bit unreliable and larcenous—someone you can have fun with as a char-

acter. And I could think of a better setting for that kind of show than the boozed-and-buzzed world of Calgary." For Wiggles and fellow producers Tom Cox, Doug MacLeod and Jody Randall—all long-time Albertans—*Tom Stone* is, in fact, a labour of love. They are veterans of the hugely popular *Norfolk 60* series, which was set in the fictional town of Lyna River, N.W.T., and shot in Banff, Can. 40 km west of Calgary. After that show's sixth and final season in 1998 (*Norfolk 60* made-for-TV movies continue to be shot periodically), the four producers began looking for something to keep their gainfully employed on their own backs. They had long toyed with doing a series set in Calgary and the nearby ranch country as a chance to expose Canadians to both the cowboy and cosmopolitan aspects of their home city.

Tom Stone promises to be just the ticket. The lead character grew up on a ranch but went on to become a member of the Calgary police vice squad. A bit of a rogue, he ends up in jail after becoming implicated in a financial scam. The RCMP's desire to tap his undercover skills secures his early release, but Tom is broke and reduced to living in a tiny trailer parked on a ranch west of Calgary owned by a hard-drinking former exotic dancer.

If Tom is a shifteen western character, Martina is his polar opposite: diligent, ambitious and wary of life beyond the comfortable confines of downtown Toronto. After arriving in Calgary, she finds a fairly sparse life, only to be kept up nights by the sound of coyotes moaning the ravine beneath her window. "It's a farman," says Wiggles, "of how the environment of Alberta is going to affect her character. She is coming out here and discovering this world, which the audience discovers as well through her eyes."

The premise of the show—a commercial crime team dedicated to rooting out corporate and political corruption—allows for a wide range of story lines. In some episodes, Tom and Martina are prowling the office towers and private clubs of downtown Calgary in pursuit of white-collar misdeeds. Other installments set against the spectacular backdrop of the Rocky Mountain foothills just west of Calgary—including one in which former *Beverly Hills 90210* heartthrob and Vancouver native Jason Priestley stars as a young man down on his luck who turns to horse racing to try to cover his debts.

The series also features archetypal Calgary characters, such as Tom's friend Jack White, a Scotch-whiffing misanthrope who has won and lost millions on wild-eyed business deals, many of them critically challenged, to say the least. In a fly and a fish to the *Rockford Files*, the producers convinced actor-director Stuart Margolin, who won an Emmy for playing a similarly shady sidekick, Angel, in the 1970s series, to take on the recurring role of Jack. During a recent break in shooting, Margolin told *Melrose* that he was sometimes between the two TV shows—and between Calgary and Dallas, where he spent much of his youth. "There's the oil, the cattle, the independent attitudes," said Margolin, who also directed four *Tom Stone* episodes. "The oilmen I grew up with had no safety



Anthony Hopkins and Pitt in *Legends*

CALGARY INCOGNITO

Tom Stone is unusual in that it isn't shot and set in Calgary and the nearby outskirts of southern Alberta. Traditionally, the region has been considered as various U.S. locales on film and television series. Some examples:

Unforgiven (1992) Clint Eastwood's bleak vision of Kansas circa 1893 was actually filmed in and around Calgary and several smaller southern Alberta communities.

Legends of the Fall (1994) Used Pitt looks slightly off against the backdrop of what is supposed to be rural Montana but is, in fact, Calgary and nearby Morley, Alta.

Hungry / Street Kings (1997-2000) Shot in Calgary, it's about a fictional American inventor and his family.

Stone Day (2000) This Chevy Chase vehicle is set in upstate New York. J.B.

near they harried people and were really flamboyant characters. Calgary feels very familiar to me."

Ultimately, both Margolin and the producers of *Tom Stone* realize the show's success depends on how audiences react to the young and relatively unknown lead actors. Judging by early episodes, the bearded handsome Martin and the wiry Kilder have a winning chemistry. Off-camera, both are excited by the opportunities at hand. Vancouver-based Martin, 27, who recently completed a recurring role (as Greg Serrano) on *Friday*, is struggling to adjust as Calgary's frequently bitter winter—the local audience that it's "dry cold" does nothing for him. Otherwise, he's having a blast. "The character of Tom Stone is just so much fun," says Martin. "It's exciting everyone all the time. It's always an act with this guy."

Toronto-based Kilder, 30, sees some strong parallels between his character's situation and his own. Prior to *Tom Stone*, he'd been in Calgary only once—at the age of five, while visiting his aunt, Margie Kilder, on the set of *Superman*, which

was partly shot in Alberta. "I think both Martina and I have been pleasantly surprised by what Calgary has to offer," she says. "I think both of us thought we would not like it here." Among other things, Kilder has been struck by the beauty of the Rockies, Alberta's big skies and Calgary's urban diversity. She is also delighted by one of her character's quirks: Martina is a rationally minded sweater boxer who, when the occasion calls for it, can kick serious butt. "It's a very often," says Kilder, "you get to play a woman who is accomplished at what she does and is also physically strong."

With any luck, Kilder and Martin will be enjoying their roles for some time. Even before the first episode aired, the CBC renewed the series for a second season—a clear vote of confidence from the network bosses on what they've seen on *Calgary*. *Tom Stone*'s creator is equally sure that *Calgary* can provide fodder for countless story lines. "We have a ton of research on wacky business stories we could do," says Wiggles. "You get the sense that anything could happen here."

BY BRIAN D. JOHNSON

Alania has kept me cooking my back in a hotel lobby for two hours, but I don't bite it personally. We're in Los Angeles, where celebrity is sacred, so I blame the handlers. Alania was fired up in a photo shoot with a magazine American photographer, and when she finally arrives, assistant and publicist in tow, she has the sun-kissed look of someone who's spent the morning being coaxed by a firm. Now she wants to go shopping for art supplies down the street. The publicist likes this idea. The star can take time out to indulge her whims as an amateur painter, while the journalist can collect "color" for his piece. Locally.

At the art store, Alania grabs a shopping basket and heads straight for the acrylics. "With only you need more patience," she explains. "Unfortunately I'm in a bit of a time crunch." Time crunch? Yes, she's on a deadline to produce some artwork for her album cover. Like Joel Mitchell? No, nothing like that. Just an experiment. (In fact, none of her work will end up on the cover.) Alania starts dropping tubes of paint into her basket. Cadmium Yellow Deep, Permanent Rose, Raw Umber, Burnt Umber. "I love the earth tones," she says. I suggest writing a thematic profile, the evasive answer to the question: "What's your favorite color?"

Alania plucks more paints from the shelves, as if searching for a correlative

bouquet. Red Iron Oxide. Hooker's Green. She waves a sardine of pastel past her lips—"Yaaaaay!"—then asks me to choose between two tubes of yellow. Soon, her basket is brimming with paint tubes and oil palette, several hundred dollars of raw. For a moment, she lingers over a pretty wooden chest for art supplies, but settles on something pinkish that looks like a small turtle box. Leaving her assistant to run the purchase through the cash, she looks generously thrilled, the proverbial kid in the candy store.

Alania Morrison has made a career of coloring her world—dipping into her psyche to fingerprint musical self-portraits for millions of fans. In an industry dominated by sex-cool, fashion-conscious divas—from Madonna to Britney Spears to Alicia Keys—Alania is the feminist flower child with waist-length hair who performs musical therapy on herself and dares like a playground devils. Now 27, the Otis-obsessed superstar has a new, self-produced album, *Under Rug Swept*, but no new image to go with it. Just another breakup, a new boyfriend, a fresh band—and an ongoing determination to do things her way.

After extensive interviews with Morrison in both Los Angeles and Toronto, I've come away with a mass of contradictory impressions. Face to face, she is warm, craggy, sincere and smart. But so read the transcripts of our interviews, you might think she's a fake, aloof in an endless loop of pop-



The queen of confessional pop takes her deepest, most revealing plunge through the looking glass

ALANIS IN WONDERLAND

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chocolatier. She has an acute self-awareness, a hair-trigger sense of humor, a huge smile and a wild laugh. But the worst her archness like a visit of someone. While she'll riff on personal issues with apparent candor, she's cautious not to reveal too much (She doesn't invite journalists into her home, or let them interview her parents or two brothers back in Canada).

Yet "sharing" is her mission. As the queen of confessional pop, Altman makes all the world her couch. Her songs dissect relationships with psychoanalytic whirly, and her personal Web site is a child's garden of poems, drawings and beautiful diary entries ("I'm doing lists, yesterday was so incredible... been doing lists of yoga, making it my own. I feel good in my body in a way I haven't since it was a teenager like I'm losing somehow, more on that later. I want to write a hundred pages right now, do you?"). The Web site's operative tool bar is a watercolor paint box.

Monette covered her new album

defence of the Alaskan wilderness, she has campaigned against President Bush's energy policy. And last December, she received a United Nations award for promoting tolerance through the arts.

Monette has come a long way from the post-adolescent rage of her harsh

first album, especially those who relished the bitterness of *Jagged Little Pill*. But you have to admit the way she's deflected what Joan Mitchell called "the narcissist machinery," by presenting the can-can dancer who lives in the outside world with unmitigated honesty ("When I'm onstage," she says, "or when I'm writing, and in my very arse place, I feel like a child. I feel they're synonymous—child, artist, same thing.")

In *Under Rug Swept*, Altman comes across honest, childlike vulnerability with clinical precision. "How beautiful abandonment seems to sting so easily," she sings in *So Deep* ("It's 13 again, and I'll be good"). On the page, her lyrics can look passive, but her voice—by turns seductive, plaintive and accusatory—rips that plot of repressed feelings into a flying carpet. It's a blue-eyed voice, open, clear and full of yearning. Altman covers raw emotion from the most analytic lyrics. Inventing systems, breaking down words with quills of phrasing and cadence,



"When I'm onstage or I'm writing, I feel like a child. I feel they're synonymous—child, artist, same thing."

with a spontaneity almost antithetical of in her atmosphere of the music industry. The songs, who live in Los Angeles, questioned herself with Canadian musician Tim Theoiny in his hometown. Herro reads, where she wrote and recorded the rough draft of *Under Rug Swept* in the car of one or two songs a day. Pop music's answer to e-mail, Altman channels lyrics in a stream-of-consciousness correspondence with herself. Drawing on her journals as raw material, she can craft a song from soul-searching as quickly as Martha Stewart makes a welcome mat out of bubble gum.

But behind the one-woman orange industry in self-exposure, there's a lot of savvy. Monette had enough business sense to invest in MP3.com, and cashed in millions worth of albums before the dot-com market crashed. More Girl Scout than not, she also takes celebrity citizenship seriously. On her last tour, she made outreach courtesies into war-torn nations such as Croatia and Lebanon. She has addressed Congress to champion musician's rights versus record companies. In

breakup album, *Jagged Little Pill* (1995), which went through the roof with worldwide sales of 30 million. Disoriented by success, she shrunk from the spotlight and recorded *Supposed Former Infatuation Junkie* (1998), an indie-influenced sort of introspection that seemed designed to shake off all but her most loyal fans. It still sold seven million copies.

Now with *Under Rug Swept*, she has struck a balance. *Monette* is the first no tricks "no practical" than her previous record. Although it lacks the white heat of *Jagged Little Pill*, it does have an edge, and more than a few infectious pop hooks. From *Therapy's* third guitar on the opening track, *21 Things*, it seems to be saying: Altman is back. And *Hands Clean* was Canadian radio's top-charted new single last month. The album also shows a new artistic maturity, mapping intimate emotional terrain with disarming transparency.

In a world where the media manufacture face-intensive portraits of celebrity lives, Altman shortcuts the whole process by direct reportage. Some people find her raw-

ness language into a Cerebro keyboard. The album is an inventory of impossible relationships. In *The Restless Time*, an aching ballad, Altman goes her own almost directly own date—she wrote and recorded the lyrics just hours after splitting up with her boyfriend of three years, son Josh Morissette, *21 Things*. *Bliss in a Laser* is a track personal as, with quantum ranging from: "are you politically aware and don't believe in capital punishment?" to "are you unimpaired in bed?" more than these three weeks? *Monette* exposes the commonest-phobic "moments boy" which "is stranger to the concept of reciprocity." And in *Hands Clean* she exhumes memories of boyfriends, close.

The morning will clear from listening to the song or even watching the video—which shows her at a table, lost, experiencing *Ballistics* of an ingrown hair, packed by industry hoodwink. But Altman has no qualms about making her art to autobiography. *Hands Clean*, she explains, is about a romance with a "grandson-like" older man who was deeply involved with

found paradise in California, where the kaysaks, snowboards, plays basketball and practices yoga. But when she sings you can still hear Ontario in the flattened cadence of the lyrics. "I." And there's something unmistakably Canadian about her earnest style, her goodwill—and her insistence to industry types trying to package her "They up me around race," she says, "because they know I'm like a sleeping cat, and if someone says, 'Maybe you should...' The word *should* is a huge no-no for me. My spirit or righteous up when I hear that word."

"I will," she says, suddenly conscious that she's been twisting her Godson means like worry beads. "I'm ready for some pretty wild change, but I don't know what it will be."

After lunch, we head back to the hotel on foot—always a common activity in Los Angeles—Alaris gets recognized by someone on an MTV. Then a couple of girls wave from an apartment window. With star sightings, recognition tends to be contagious. When I ask Alaris if the girls bother

her by first, she says, with just a trace of irony, "Oh, like to call them appreciators." Further on, an "appreciator" shouts her name and cheers running down the sidewalk after her. Then out of DJ Spinderella from the rag group Salt-N-Pepa. She has a video crew with her and wants Alaris to give her an interview clip so promote a TV show called *The Spotz*. Alaris complies with a smile and a few words for the camera. Only in L.A., where random is so friendly relative, can you find celebrities bounding celebrities.

Later, before Alaris heads back into the hotel, she asks if I saw the scene from her show. "It was incredible," she says. "We were in Hollywood, on this cliff. My friends and I, we just had on our backs and squeaked the whole time. Someone came out of their house and said, 'We realize you're excited, but if you don't keep it down, we're calling the cops.' My thought was, if a cop came out, he would just be down next to us and watch the show."

Right. And perhaps he'd let her slip a flower into his service revolver. When

Elvis Costello sang "What's so funny about peace, love and understanding?" the irony was that he unleashed the words with a measure of anger. Alaris has already shown that irony on her strong suit, with that hit song about "a black fly in your chadorney." But in an America where irony has been eclipsed by sincerity, it is less likely the irony she chose.

The final cut on *Under the Rug Swept* is *Utopia*, an anthem to conflict resolution due play in a twenty-choral folk song in 6/8 time. It imagines a world where "we would stay and respond and expand and include and allow and forgive and enjoy and resolve and discern and inquire and accept and admit and forgive." Some might call that naive. Or unfathomable. Or wordy. But for Alaris Mercurio—whose idea of a night out in Hollywood is lying on the ground and staring at the sky—its what makes her more than just another teenage star.

And an excerpt from the interview with Alaris Mercurio.

where we're like



Films BRIAN D. JOHNSON

Oscar does the obvious

Tom between loud spectacle and quiet dignity, the Academy snubs originality

There's no justice in awards for artistic presentation. Just ask those Canadians who made music on us, only to be crassly snubbed. It's not talking about Jamie and David in Salt Lake City, but about the creators of the first movie *Antarctica* (*The First Wives*), a landmark of aboriginal cinema which the Oscar somehow failed to nominate for their foreign-language film. It comes as no surprise. The politics of the Academy Awards make the judging of figure skaters seem scientific. Besides, the Oscars are not the Olympics of film—leave that to Cannes, where *Antarctica* received its due. No, the Academy Awards are more like the Super Bowl, an American pugilist that celebrates the obvious.

So no one should be surprised that the year's most original and stirring films—*The Royal Tenenbaums*, *Ghost World*, *Monterio* and *Michael Dine*—were largely overlooked. Perhaps they lack the necessary dignity, yet alone enough of the human spirit. By the looks of the nominees, the prime indicators of dignity are: period epics, British pedigree and heroes nobly afflicted by disability or loss. Four of the five best picture candidates are period pieces. Leading the pack with 13 nominations, *The Lord of the Rings: The Fellowship of the Ring* offers an imaginary period laced with English accents. So does *Master and Commander*, although it takes place in France. *Gladiator* finds heroes with British pedigree and a line of origin. *Master and Commander*, *As the Bellows* and *A Beautiful Mind* both dignify serious drama with the inflections of New England.

Of the best picture nominees, *As the Bellows* stands out as a small, exquisite gem, a severe tale of mourning and reluctant vengeance. In light of Sept. 11, it's interesting that the Academy chose this family

miniature over *Black Hawk Down*, Ridley Scott's war movie about American troops caught in a bloodbath. But the more likely winner is *A Beautiful Mind*, a self-headed story of genius that has all the obvious buttons with reasoning, predictability. Despite Russell Crowe's best efforts, as a scholastic hero who wins a Nobel Prize, this true story rings false.

In the art of acting out mental disability, Crowe is up against Sean Penn, who delivers an extra-fine line of comic pathos as an emotionally handicapped *Seabuck*

nosedromic portrayal of Muhammad Ali. With Halle Berry suggesting a well-deserved nomination for *Monster's Ball*, this marks the first time in three decades that two African-American actors are nominated in major categories. It may be Washington time to win, but Smith and Berry both bring typical malice—as the clown and the babe—with knockout performances. If there's any justice (don't count on it), they should win.

A glance down the list of best screen candidates shows a litany of affluence:

Berry plays an alcoholic, Nicole Kidman is dying of tuberculosis (*Moulin Rouge*), Amy Sedaris is grief-stricken (*In the Bedroom*), Judi Dench has Alzheimer's (*Gift*), and Renée Zellweger thinks she's fat (*Shogun*). *Gladiator*! Hollywood thus big movies about heroic men, but seven of the 10 Oscar-nominated screeners found jury eyes in relatively small, character-driven pictures—including a quartet of films by *Gladiator* and *In*.

Dench and supporting actress nominee Kate Winslet share an older and younger versions of



In *Gift*, Dench plays a novelist succumbing to Alzheimer's

British over the top. Madsen in *Ins*, which opens this week. Based on the memoir by her husband, John Bayley, and shared with lyrical symmetry by Richard Egan, the narrative tangles back and forth between the young Ins, a sexual adventurer with a filmmaker wit, and the older Ins, who's sadly losing his grip. With Hugh Bonneville and nominee Ben Brindley cast as the younger and older Bayleys, as awkward as an oddly affected romance—between an absent-minded professor and a woman whose mind goes missing. Their arch enough movie wrapped around their charm, but the screen as a curious romance in Hollywood formula, which is often em in the opposite direction.

employee in *I Am Sam*. Once loves Baby performance, which may also account for Denzel Washington's nod for *Training Day*. After a career of playing straight-as-a-rod, Washington provides can be laid—by simply inventing his charm. In his new movie, *John Q*, he returns to form, as a factory worker who holds an emergency ward hostage because his medical insurance won't cover a heart transplant for his dying son. It seems to accept pro-soundness movie style in the guise of a Hollywood thriller. The plot sticks together like a Lego set. And Washington is impossibly perfect as the nearest terrorist known to man.

For me, Will Smith delivered the year's best performance by an actor, with his re-

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PUBLIC TRANSIT
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Don't call me that word

Growing up in the 1960s in the affluent, almost all-white Don Mills, Ont., I was told by my black father that education and professional achievement were the only viable options for black people in North America. He laid down three rules as if they had been inscribed from the mouth of God: 1) I was to study like the dickens, 2) anything less than complete success in school or at work was to be regarded as failure, 3) if anybody called me "nigger," I was to beat the hell out of him.

This is the legacy of being black in Canada. You overcompensate for the slacks of your ancestry, and stand on guard against those who would knock you down. Over 400 years of black history here, we have had to overcome numerous challenges—the chains of slave vessels, the wrath of slave owners, the rules of segregation, the killing ropes of police beatings, our own mindless infighting, and all the modern vicissitudes of police Canadian oppression.

Blacks in Canada, like our metaphorical brethren and sisters all over the world, have a vivid collective memory. We know what our ancestors have been through, and we know what our children still face. Most of us cringe when we hear the word "nigger." No other word in the English language distills hatred as effectively, and evokes such a long and bloody history.

These days, more people than ever are talking about the word "niggers" as a result of the publication this year of the book *Nigger: The Shame Cover of a Boulevard*, edited by Randall Kennedy, a black American law professor at Harvard University. It's a fascinating read, but it rises a troublesome argument that I hotly deny: *Nigger* is just another "African American totem" (by which he means Canadian and hip-hop totem) for "turning, civilizing, and transcending" the fabric, discourse, and word in the English language.

Some misguided white people have bought into this same way of thinking. We have the spectacle of absurdity when white teenagers sling their arms around black friends and ask, "Whassup my nigger?" And some white people seem to want a piece of that word, and feel the need to apply it to their own difficult experiences. The link has been referred to as "the niggers of Europe." In the 1970s, Quebecois writer Pierre Vallières told one of his books, *White Niggers of America*. And just the other night, when I visited a drop-in centre catering mostly to black junior high and high school students in Toronto's Kensington Market area, a white teenager decked out in baggy pants and perming white hair imagined to be black and complained that some kids accused him of being a "nigger"—an insulting term for whom who



are trying to act black. Whatever that means.

As Randall Kennedy rightly asserts, the word abounds in contemporary black urban culture. True, when it crops up in hip-hop lyrics, it's not intended to carry the bite of the racist. It signals an in-group, brotherly, friendly crash site. This is well known in American culture, but it has permeated black Canadian culture, too. Choccy, a leading black Canadian hip-hop artist, uses the word "nigger"—a derivation of "nigger"—frequently in his lyrics.

Some people might say that the N-word is making a comeback. This old-style, racist use of the word has faded into history and that it's now kosher to use the word in ordinary conversation. This argument fails on two counts. First, racism and racism haven't disappeared from the Canadian landscape. The comeback argument also fails because it suggests that resupplanting the word reflects a new linguistic trend. This is naive. As a way of playing with the English language's most hateful word, black people—mostly young black males—have called themselves "nigger" for generations. The difference now is that these same young blacks have broadcast the word, via satellite TV, to the whole world. In the middle-class black culture I've encountered in Canada and the United States, such a young man usually got slapped or tongue-lashed by his mother, or just shamed that point, and he knew that the only time it's safe to use that word is when he's chatting on the street with his buddies. Black people use the word "nigger" precisely because it hurts so much that we need to dance with our own pain, in the same way that blues music does straight up to bad luck and heartache. This is very much part of the black North American experience: we don't run from our pain, we tell it into our art.

But does that make the word one of the word No. And what's the proof of that? We don't use the word around our children, our teachers, the people we fall in love with, or our children. "Nigger" is a word that young black men use on each other but the word still pisses most black Canadians. Let me share an image of just how much the word burns. A friend of mine—a black woman, community activist and graduate student—was going to read Kennedy's book. She bought it last week, but couldn't bring herself to start devoting it on the subway to work until she had tipped off the crowd she wouldn't allow herself to be seen on the subway with the word "nigger" splashed on the cover of a book, so close to her face.

Toronto-based author Lawrence Hill's latest book is Black Berry, Sweet Juice: On Being Black and White in Canada.

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